SEE PROSPECTUS ON SEVENTH PAGE.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875. $3 00 a Year, in Advance. $3 50 with Mounted Chromo. No. 12.

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PRAIRIE PRINCE, THE BOY OUTLAW;

OR,

TRAILED TO HIS DOOM.

By Hon. WM. F. CODY, "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

LOST UPON THE PRAIRIE.

Alone upon the prairie! With solitude, silence, and boundless expanse everywhere, and no fellow-being to call upon for aid.

A pitiable sight, indeed; for the one thus alone upon the almost limitless plain is not an Indian warrior whose moccasined feet can track its vastness from end to end; nor is it the hardy scout upon the redskin's trail, or a bold hunter of the Southwest, for these could face the awful solitude of the plain, and know whither to guide their steps for succor, food and rest.

But the human being thus alone upon the prairie *is a young girl!*

A maiden upon whose sunny head but fifteen summer suns have shone.

A child-woman, for her form is budding into beautiful womanhood, while the innocent look of girlhood yet lingers upon her face, a face almost perfect in its beauty, notwithstanding it is pale and careworn, and the eyes are wildly staring across the miles and miles of prairie, undotted by a single object to raise hope or fear in her heart.

She is attired in a dark-blue riding habit, and wears upon her head a light gray felt hat, looped up at the side and half encircled with a heavy black plume, while in her hand she carries a riding-whip.

Her skirt is tattered and torn, and her face pinched with suffering and fatigue, while ever and anon she glances furtively towards the declining sun, already touching the western horizon, and with the approach of night the shadow deepens upon her face.

Though attired for the saddle, nowhere visible in the vast surroundings is her horse, and her delicate kid boots are worn as if by a long and rough tramp.

Presently the sun sinks behind the western horizon, and as twilight deepens, darkness comes on apace and shuts the poor girl in with a circle of gloom.

"Oh, God! have mercy, have mercy on me!"

The cry came from the inmost depths of the maiden's heart, and dropping upon her knees she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out from her sight the desolation surrounding her.

"Must I pass another night alone upon this prairie, with no one near to call upon for aid? Oh, God! what will become of me? Last night I had poor Lightfoot, whose fleet feet would bear me from danger; but he lies dead miles away from here, and I am alone, alone, alone! Hark! is not that the distant howl of a wolf? Yes! and listen! his bark is answered by his mate; already they scent their human prey, and—Oh, heaven! have mercy on poor me!"

With a moan of anguish, the young girl fell forward upon her face, lost in a deep swoon, for at last her brave heart had quailed, and her strong nature yielded beneath the pressure upon it.

An hour passed away, and still the young girl lay motionless upon the prairie sward, unmindful of the louder howling of wolves, each moment drawing nearer their prey, or the silvery lustre of the eastern sky, growing brighter and brighter as the moon nears the horizon to launch forth upon the blue sea of heaven's dome.

Closer and closer creep the whining wolves, their eyes expectant and keen nostrils drinking in the scent of a human feast for their gleaming jaws, while ever and anon they crouch down in the prairie grass and bay the moon that comes to light up their carnival of blood.

Still motionless, as if the spark of life had gone out, is the fairy form, and nearer and nearer creep the bloodhounds of the prairie, switching their bushy tails with eager anxiety to spring upon their helpless victim.

A moment more and the ravenous brutes would have been fighting and snarling over the delicate form of the young girl, as they tore her limb from limb, when there came a loud cry near at hand, and a human voice was heard shouting:

"Off, you howling hounds, and give me a look at the feast you are about to attack."

Instantly, with angry growls of disappointment, the wolves skulked away, as a horseman rode up, and, dismounting, bent over the prostrate form.

"Gracious goodness! it is a woman! Who can have killed her, and what is she doing here?" he queried, with great surprise, and then added, as he knelt beside her:

"Perhaps she is not dead."

Placing his hand upon her pulse, he cried out with joy:

"No, she lives! thank the stars, I came when I did! Aha! my friends, you overreached yourselves that time, as your howls guided me here, for I knew there was some deviltry going on when you kicked up such a row," and he shook his hand at the pack of wolves which were patiently crouched upon their haunches, awaiting with anxiety the result of the intrusion of their human foe.

Rising quickly, he took from his saddle pocket a small flask of brandy and a canteen of water, and after placing the former to the lips of the young girl, he bathed her face and hands with the contents of the latter, until after a few moments the large eyes were opened, the lips murmured some unintelligible words, and with a struggle the maiden sat up and gazed wildly into the face of her preserver.

"Well, miss, don't be frightened, for you are no longer in danger, and I am a friend," kindly said the stranger, and the maiden said, softly:

"I am not frightened, now that you are here," and again her eyes eagerly scanned the face before her, and she felt no longer any fear, for it was a face to inspire confidence and respect, although it was beardless, and indicated an age under eighteen years.

THE BOY OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—(See Fifth Page.)

Truly was it a youth, a mere lad, that had so timely arrived upon the scene; but yet one of most striking appearance in face and form.

He was tall in stature, well formed, with broad, square shoulders, small waist, and limbs of which an Apollo might well have been proud, while his every movement was graceful and denoted agility, strength and muscular endurance.

His face was handsome in the extreme, beardless, most youthful-looking, and yet with an expression of daring and determination strangely at variance with his age, which could not have been more than eighteen, though at times it looked older, and at times younger.

The moonlight showed that he had black eyes, shaded by long lashes, and strangely piercing, while his hair was dark brown, waving, and worn long, resting upon his shoulders.

He was dressed in a suit of buckskin, from his moccasined feet to his beaded cap, ornamented with a scarlet feather in front, the tail of a fox behind, and with just visor enough to shade his eyes from the sunlight.

In a buckskin belt around his waist he carried two large-sized silver-mounted revolvers and a bowie knife, and across his back was slung a repeating rifle.

By his side, patiently awaiting the movements of his young master, stood his steed, an iron-gray mustang stallion, that had once been the king of the plains when the leader of his equine followers, but whose bird-like speed and iron endurance had been conquered by the youth, who had caught him, a wild *mustang*, upon the Southwestern prairies.

The steed wore a horse-hair bridle, and a thorough Mexican saddle, with its silver-mounted horn, and spangles of precious metal.

The necessary equipments for a ranger and hunter, consisting of blanket, provision haversack, ammunition pouch and canteen, hung to the saddle, while another revolver was lashed on one side of the horn, with a small hatchet opposite, and a long horsehair lasso, all proving that the youth was thoroughly equipped for offence, defence, and self-support upon the boundless plains.

With an earnest glance, by the aid of the moonlight, the young girl saw all that I have described, and she felt that she no longer need dread evil in the presence of one whom she was confident could protect her from ordinary danger.

"I am glad to see you are better, miss. I feared at first that you were dead," said the youth, coloring beneath the gaze bent upon him.

"It is strange I am not, after all I have gone through; and ere this yonder wolves would have torn me in pieces, had it not been for you," and the maiden shuddered at the thought.

"I was a lucky fellow, miss, to get here in time; but if you are able to travel, I will let you mount behind me, and I'll carry you to your friends, for they cannot be far away."

"I know not where they are, for I was lost on the prairie, and oh, I have had such a fright."

"I don't wonder at it, miss; but you doubtless belong to some wagon train on the Santa Fe trail, and it cannot be far away," replied the youth, wondering why the young girl was there alone.

"I know not where they are, for last evening I left the train in company with our guide, for I would often go with him for a ride, and did not fear danger. But danger came upon us when least expected, for the guide approached a party of white men whom he believed rangers, and they ruthlessly shot him down and made me prisoner. At night I made a dash for my liberty, and my swift horse carried me rapidly away from them, and in the darkness I managed to elude pursuit, and then set about finding the train. But all around me was a blank, and I knew not which way to turn, and in despair dashed hither and thither until my poor horse could carry me no longer, and, staggering, fell to the earth and shortly after died. It was sunrise then, and all day long I wandered over the prairie, without food or shelter, until night came on, and in utter despair at my loneliness I swooned away, and thus you found me."

"Indeed you have had a terrible trial, miss; but now all is over, and we'll soon look the train up. Which way was it bound?"

"It was going westward, sir, out to Sentinel outpost, which fort my father commands. Father had come East, where I was at school, and was carrying me out to his frontier post with him."

"You are then the daughter of Major Dudley Racine, the commander of Sentinel outpost?" asked the youth, in a voice that had considerable sadness in it.

"Yes, sir, do you know my father?"

"Only by reputation; but come, we must be off, and rest assured I know the prairie well enough to place you under your father's protection ere daylight;" and after giving the maiden a lunch from his haversack, and another swallow of brandy from his flask, he raised her lightly to a seat behind his saddle, and mounting, set forth upon his search for the train, the iron-gray mustang carrying his double burden without the slightest sign of impatience or exertion.

CHAPTER II.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

When the sun rose the following morning, the Santa Fe trail was crossed, and a search proved to the young horseman that the train had not yet passed along, so he determined to encamp in a small piece of timber, and allow his fair companion and steed to rest, while he prepared as good a breakfast as his limited provisions would allow. Greatly fatigued by her hard ride, the maiden soon sunk to sleep, while the iron-gray began to breakfast upon the rich grass around.

Inured to hardships of all kinds, the youth felt little fatigue, and set to work preparing a meal, which in half an hour's time was ready, consisting of jerked buffalo meat, broiled on the coals, a pot of coffee and some crackers, a feast when one is hungry, and such the maiden was, for she greatly enjoyed the repast.

Though kind and attentive to his young companion, the manner of the youth had greatly changed since she had told him who she was, as though there was some cause for dislike towards her father which he in vain tried to conceal.

After a hearty meal, the maiden again dropped off to sleep, and the youth took a circuit of the timber to reconnoitre.

In a short time he returned in haste, and waking his companion, quickly placed her upon his horse, and mounting himself, he dashed from the timber, saying, quietly:

"We came very near being caught napping, miss, for a band of Injuns are coming this way."

"Then there is danger that we may be captured?" replied the maiden, in alarm.

"No, no, not as long as Greyhound, as I call my horse, holds out; and though with a double load, I fear few horses on the border; but we must ride for it. See, the reds have already reached the timber, and have discovered us."

It was true; a band of fully a hundred Comanche Indians were in view, coming on in full chase of the heavily loaded mustang, their yells sounding fearfully in the ears of the maiden, unaccustomed as she was to border life.

Urging Greyhound forward, the youth turned in his saddle, and after a long look behind him, said, quietly:

"This is the band of one of the most savage Comanche chiefs, old Keneta, and he has several horses in his tribe that can overhaul Greyhound, loaded down as he is, and after several days' hard ride; but without my weight there is no fear, miss. You see the trail I am following; stick close to it, and in a few hours you will reach your father's camp."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"I'll tell you. Were we both to remain on Greyhound we would be taken, for you see old Keneta is already gaining on us; but with your weight only he will leave the whole band behind; so I will let you go on alone, and I can escape down yonder *canyon*."

"I will not escape at the risk of your life," firmly said the maiden.

"Now you are talking nonsense, miss, for if the Injuns catch me, under I go,

and if they get you, you'd have to become some chief's squaw, that's all; so you see I am talking for the good of both, and you must do as I say: make for the camp, and I will join you before many hours."

"I will obey you, sir, for you know best; but I cannot see how you can escape," replied the young girl.

"Don't let that trouble you, for I'll come out all right."

And the youth brought Greyhound to a halt, sprang to the ground, aided the young girl into the saddle, arranging the stirrup for her foot, and, with a cry to his horse, the gallant animal bounded away at almost double his former speed.

Waving adieu to the brave boy, the young girl turned in the saddle as she dashed away, and saw him, after running the distance of a hundred yards, halt and appear to wait the coming of the savage Indians, who, with yells, divided into two parties, one band following on rapidly after her, and the other rushing down upon the youth.

Though anxious about her own safety, the maiden could not but let her eyes linger upon the tall form of the brave boy who still stood, his rifle ready, and his whole manner that of a stag at bay.

Presently the weapon went quickly to his shoulder, and rapidly she saw the flashes from the muzzle, and marked the fall of several horsemen and steeds, and then the band of warriors were upon him, and she saw no more.

Almost overcome by the thought that the brave youth had sacrificed himself to save her, the young girl grew faint, and nearly fell from her saddle, but by a violent effort she recovered herself, and once more glancing along the trail which Greyhound was following closely, she beheld in her front, some two miles distant, another party of horsemen, and believing them to be Indians, she gave up all for lost.

A closer look, however, showed their blue uniforms, and, drawing nearer, with a cry of joy she recognized her father at their head.

Observing, also, that there was a chance of escape for the maiden, the Indians pressed on hard in pursuit, but the gallant gray kept them well behind, and in a short while carried his precious charge into the midst of the troopers, when a tall, martial-looking officer, wearing the rank of a major of cavalry, enfolded the maiden to his heart, while he said:

"Thank heaven, Daisy, I have you once again safe in my arms, for I had almost given up all hope. But where is Wild Dan, the scout?"

"He is dead, sir. But I cannot tell you more now, for yonder band is only one-half of the Indians in pursuit, the others being hidden by the timber," cried Daisy.

"Say you so, child, then we must at once beat a retreat; and I am glad we have not far to go."

And Major Racine and his dozen troopers wheeled to the right about, and away the whole party dashed, just as the Comanches who were in pursuit of the maiden were joined by those who had divided to hunt down the youth.

As if expecting an easy victory, they rushed on after the flying squadron, but, after an hour's hard run, the river came in sight, and upon its banks was encamped the wagon train, awaiting there the return of the several squads sent out in search of the missing guide and his fair young companion.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRAIRIE PRINCE.

Seeing that Daisy needed rest after her severe ride, her father escorted her to her tent and left her, while he set forth with half of his command to give battle to the Comanche band.

But the wary Kenota evaded a battle in which he could only gain hard knocks, and at nightfall Major Racine returned unsuccessful, and upon going to his quarters, with surprise found his daughter in conversation with a young stranger, who was just in the act of riding away upon the very steed that had so gallantly borne the maiden from the power of the Indians in the morning.

"Ah, father! I am so glad you have come, for I wished you to meet the brave youth who saved my life."

And Daisy turned to the horseman, who was none other than the noble boy whom the reader last saw almost ridden down by the Comanche warriors.

After affectionately greeting his daughter, the major turned towards the youth, who quietly sat his horse, his eyes fastened upon the officer's face.

With a start, an exclamation as if of surprise, and a face that turned deadly pale, Major Racine started back, crying, in a hoarse voice:

"Boy, in heaven's name, who are you?"

"I am a frontier boy, sir, a roamer of the plains," quietly responded the youth.

"You have a name, sir, so why evade my question," sternly replied Major Racine.

"I am called by several names, sir, according to circumstances."

"Boy, do you dare trifle with me!" cried the officer in a rage, laying his hand upon the bridle rein of the iron-gray.

"I do not fear you, Major Racine, and I do not desire a quarrel with you, as I sought your camp merely to get my horse, which I loaned to your daughter, whom I was so fortunate as to save from a fate too terrible to contemplate."

"Father, this young man speaks truly, and I see not why you should insult him because he cares not to make his name known."

And Daisy spoke both reproachfully and with spirit in her tones.

"Daisy, I have nothing against the boy, excepting that I am anxious to know his name, as I think we have met before, and under circumstances of a peculiar nature. His service to you I appreciate, and if he will come into my tent I will give him an ample reward for——"

"Major Racine, I need not your gold, sir, and if I was starving I would not accept a favor from you," almost savagely returned the youth.

"Boy, you are determined to beard me, and—— What is it you say, sergeant?"

And Major Racine turned to an orderly who had approached.

"I was saying, sir, that I knew the young man—that is, I know him by a name he has won along the frontier."

"And what is that name?"

"The Prairie Prince, sir."

"No! Can this be that daring boy whose wonderful deeds have gone along the whole border, and have gained him the name of the Prairie Prince?"

And Major Racine gazed with a strange interest into the boy's face, while the soldiers crowded around and bent upon him looks of admiration and respect.

Quietly, and with a proud smile upon his lip, the youth sat his horse, his clear, piercing eyes meeting the gaze of the military commander, who, after a pause, said, slowly:

"You are, then, the boy who is known as the Prairie Prince?"

"I am, sir."

"Why did you not tell me so, when I asked you?"

"I had my reasons for not doing so. And now I will bid you good-morning."

Raising his cap to Daisy, and with a salute generally to the crowd, the Prairie Prince wheeled his mustang, and the next moment was flying across the prairie with wonderful speed, leaving the assembled soldiers gazing admiringly after him.

"Father, who is this Prairie Prince?" asked Daisy, still gazing after the flying youth.

"He is a strange young character, child, who for the last few years has been gaining a reputation as the best scout and Indian fighter on the prairies, boy though he is. He lives far to the northward, it is said, but nothing certain is known of him, and though I have often heard of his gallant deeds, I never before met him, and now feel confident that what I saw in his face is only an accidental resemblance to one who—— But, never mind, Daisy, he has gone now, and for his service to you I will always think kindly of him."

"One would think he had injured, instead of served you, in returning me in safety, from the manner in which you treated him," said Daisy, with more spirit than her father had ever seen her display before.

"Chit'o, I will brook none of this manner from you. Go to your tent and prepare for the march, and then I will hear from you how it was you were led into danger."

And Major Racine walked away, evidently in ill-humor with himself and the rest of the world.

As for Daisy, she was hurt to the heart by her father's treatment of the brave lad who had saved her life, and could not account for it in any way, no matter how much she worried her brain with conjectures as to the cause.

That he was as handsome a youth as she ever saw, her eyes had shown her, and that the Prairie Prince well deserved the title he had won from the scouts on the plain she well knew, as his courage and nobleness she had seen well tested when he relinquished his horse to her, and on foot, single handed, faced half a hundred Indians.

How he had escaped from his precarious situation he had told her with a laugh, for, after firing his rifle at his foes, he had darted down one of the canyons that split the plain, and thus protected from the pursuit of horsemen, he had rapidly made his way to the river bank, some half a dozen miles distant, knowing that the Comanches, who are poor warriors on foot, would not, dismounted, follow him far.

Heading down the river bank he had continued on until he came to the spot where the trail ran near the stream, and there, as he had expected, he found the train encamped, and with delight beheld the safe arrival of Greyhound and his fair charge.

Daisy had listened most attentively to the youth's story, and was thinking how delighted her father would be to meet the lad, when all of a sudden her hopes were dashed earthward by the arrival of Major Racine, and his unexpected harsh treatment of one who had saved his lovely daughter from a terrible fate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRONTIER HOME.

In a fertile valley of the Southwest, and near the boundary lines of Colorado and New Mexico, there dwelt, some twenty years ago, at the time of the opening of this story, a frontiersman and his little family, consisting of his only child, a son of eighteen, and two negro servants, old Hiram and his wife, Maum Nancy.

When his son was but seven years of age, Gerold Gilmore had appeared in the valley, accompanied by his servants, household effects, and cattle, and after locating his land, set about building a substantial log cabin, aided by the hardy pioneers who had preceded him to that far western country.

Gerold Gilmore, his neighbors soon discovered, was no ordinary man, for that he was well educated, and had moved much in worldly society, was evident; and they wondered greatly at his making a home in those western wilds.

But yet they dare not question him as to his motives, for though ever kind and social, there was something in his manner that forbade idle questioning, and both old Hiram and Maum Nancy remaining dumb to all inquiries, the good settlers were forced to remain in ignorance of the past life of their new friend, though they wondered often why, in his quiet moods, Gerold Gilmore always appeared so sad, as if dreaming of bitter bygone memories.

In that frontier cabin home, the boy, Ivan Gilmore, passed his early years, and a bright, intelligent lad, knowing no such word as fear, he soon became the admiration of all for miles around, for, single handed, he had taken his first redskin scalp when not twelve years of age, and in an expedition into the Indian country to punish a Comanche tribe for a raid upon the settlement, young Gilmore had proven himself equal to any man of the party for pluck and endurance.

A fearless rider, he had hunted down and lassoed many a wild mustang, and a crack shot with both pistol and rifle, he at seventeen years of age, fringed his saddle with the scalps of hostile Indians, who had learned to dread his very name, and long for his capture.

Also, Ivan was a thorough plainsman; could follow a blind trail, so to speak, and knew prairie, hill-land and desert as well as the most expert scout of maturer years, and this knowledge, with his daring and accomplishments, had gained him the name of the Prairie Prince, a name of which, boy like, the youth was very proud.

Though Gerold Gilmore would have been glad to have seen his son win a name in the marts of civilization, and become an honor to his country, he could not but feel proud of the reputation he had won as a frontiersman, and was content to bury his hopes that had once filled his bosom regarding Ivan leading a more exalted and brilliant career.

Situated upon the banks of a clear and deep river, commodious, comfortable and substantial, the cabin home was all that could be desired in a border home, and the little household seemed quite content to spend their days there in peace.

While Mr. Gilmore and old Hiram attended to the farming duties—and the farm was a most prosperous one—Maum Nancy looked after the household affairs, and Ivan was the hunter and fisherman, and liberally supplied the table with game of all kinds, and the best fish to be found in the lowland and upland streams.

Thus quietly, if not happily, the days glided along in the far frontier home, and if there was a "skeleton in the closet," it was never brought out by Gerold Gilmore to make those around him miserable.

It was when Ivan was in his eighteenth year that he had left home on the trail of an Indian who had, after having been befriended and cared for for some days at the Gilmore home, decamped at night, carrying with him a goodly supply of things he had stolen, and mounted upon one of the best horses on the farm.

Enraged at the treachery of the redskin, whom he had found sick upon the prairie and carried home with him, Ivan had mounted Greyound, as soon as the theft had been discovered, and started in pursuit, following the well-known tracks of his horse towards the Indian country, for the thief was a Cheyenne, and was making for the tribe of his people, doubtless delighted at the spoils he had succeeded in carrying off.

Although the Cheyenne had stolen a splendid animal from the Gilmores, he had an untiring rival on his trail in Greyhound, who was as fleet as the wind, and possessed an iron endurance.

But the Indian pressed on for several days in hot haste, and with a start of a night ahead of Ivan, the youth found it hard to overtake him.

Upon the evening of the fourth day the Cheyenne fell in with two of his tribe, who had also been on a raiding expedition, and were laden down with plunder, and leading half a dozen horses.

Feeling that there was safety in numbers, the Indians halted more frequently for rest, and continued their flight at a much slower pace than before, for they began to feel that they were beyond all pursuit by the whites.

But they had an untiring enemy behind them, and, boy though he was, a fearless and determined one, and the distance he had gone from home never had any terrors for him, but made him the more determined to push on and carry back the scalp of his red foe, so that he could not be laughed at in the settlement.

It was upon the fifth night following the day of his departure from home that Ivan had came so unexpectedly upon the form of Daisy Racine lying fainting upon the ground, and with his human nature aroused to sympathy, he had at once given up his own affairs to place the maiden in safety.

How he did so the reader has seen, and the unkind reception of Major Racine is also known.

With bitterness at his heart, the gallant boy, whose daring deeds and skill in prairie craft had deservedly won for him the name of the Prince of the Prairies, left the encampment of the train, and once more sought the trail of the thieving Cheyenne, unmindful of the swarms of Comanches he knew to be in the vicinity.

Again taking up the trail where he had left it, he continued on the following day, notwithstanding he saw that the Cheyenne had been joined by others, and with a determination to follow it to the bitter end, he urged Greyhound forward with greater speed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWER.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are preparing an agreeable sensation for hosts of readers in the shape of a new book by Miss Alcott. "Eight Cousins" adds another to these felicitous domestic histories which have made their author so famous, and in which girls, boys, and their parents take equal delight, and its perusal will convince all that she has lost none of her powers of fascination.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have also nearly ready "Madame Recamier and Her Friends," translated from the French by the translator of "Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier," which work, published several years since, has had a wide popularity and is now complemented by the new book containing Madame Recamier's own letters omitted in the first volume.

The Proof Sheet, for July and September, 1873. Issued by Collins & M'Leester, type founders, Philadelphia.

This bright and excellent little paper has just commenced its ninth volume, and is, as it always is, full of the most interesting and useful information. Among its varied contents is a very full and accurate list of fictitious names in British and American literature, no less than four hundred and twelve *noms de plume* being given, with the real names of the authors.

The Semi-Tropical. A monthly Journal devoted to Southern agriculture, and horticulture, and to immigration. Charles W. Riew, publisher, Jacksonville, Florida.

This is the initial number of a new magazine which has been projected to meet the rapidly increasing demand for information upon matters connected with Southern industrial development, more especially with relation to Florida, and to aid in the development of that State.

We have received from Messrs. Lee & Walker, music publishers, Philadelphia, the following pieces of new music:

"Buds and Flowers." "The Letter in the Candle." Song and chorus. Written by J. Clarke. Composed by R. Coote.

"Loved and Lost." Words by A. Florence. Music by A. H. Rosewig.

"He's Going Away To Leave Me." Words by J. H. Banks. Music by Chas. J. Miers.

"Angels Whisper Sweet Good-night." Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

"What the Candle Told was True." Answer to "The Letter in the Candle." Song and chorus. Words by George Cooper. Music by Harry Merton.

"The Great Centennial." A new view of the matter. By Howard Paul.

"The Brook." By Willie Pape. Composed by Dolores.

"The Sardinian Shepherd Boy." For the Piano. "Memorial March." "Centennial March." By E. Mack.

"Snow Flakes." For the piano. By Carl Le Duc.

"Chicago Fire Bells." Nocturne for piano. By Clara E. Saylor.

"Grains of Gold." Morceau De Salon. For the Piano. By Carl Meyer.

"Blue-Eyed Darling, Whisper Yes." Song and chorus. Words by Samuel N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

FACETIÆ.

"SHINGLE WEDDINGS" are now coming into fashion. This novel wedding takes place when the first born is old enough to spank.

THE Danbury *News* says: "What this country really needs is a good five cent cigar." It is safe to wager ten to one that the editor's wife entertains an entirely different opinion.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a mother reproachfully yesterday to her little eight-year-old girl. "'Cause I never see you when you was a little girl," was the prompt reply.

"ANYTING pite you dere?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling.

"No, notting at all."

"Vell," returned the other, "notting pite me too."

AN astonished Chicago alderman has received a letter from a constituent, beginning, "Dear and honest sir." The letter was immediately returned to the post-office, endorsed; "Opened by mistake by Alderman ——"

"Oh, my dear," reads a private letter recently received by a grass widower from his wife at Saratoga, "I love you just as much as ever. I want you to send me fifty dollars by next mail—yours, my darling—send check and not bills."

MAMMA (to her eldest son)—"My dear George, where are your manners? You should always say 'Thank you!' when anything is handed to you!"

George—"Oh, bother having to say 'thanks!' every time, ma'! Can't a fellow have a season ticket?"

THE story of the old lady who asked the captain of a steamer to wake her up if the boiler burst, is actually true, and although credited to a New Orleans steamer, the request was made on board one of the National line steamers on a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York. The same lady wanted her stateroom window open, to "let in the salt from the ocean air."

THE FELICITIES OF CROQUET.—"I've been through that wicket, Charley."

"I don't think you have, sweetmeats."

"Indeed, I have."

"No, you haven't."

"I did."

"You didn't."

And then the mallet sails over the fence, and a pull-back twitches furiously over the greensward and disappears into the house, and everything is as quiet without as though peace were the sovereign power on earth.

GENERAL LONGSTREET is said to be blessed with a magnificent appetite. A planter from up the Mississippi was sitting at the dining-table of a New Orleans hotel lately, replenishing his internal man. He seemed to take no thought of the future until a healthy-looking party entered the room and sat down very nearly opposite him at the table. That changed the aspect of affairs at once, and, beckoning excitedly for a waiter, he whispered:

"You jes' pass them 'ere dumplin's, will you, quick? Thar's Gin'ral Longstreet."

YESTERDAY, when a couple of excursionists were strolling through the market, the girl looked longingly at the fruit, and the young man, after a struggle with himself, purchased several large plums, and divided with her.

"Do you doubt my love, Milly?" he asked, as they chewed at the fruit.

"Noap," she replied, her mouth "plum" full.

"Because," he continued, "if I didn't love you I wouldn't be around buying boss plums at five cents apiece, would I?"

She seemed satisfied.

HOPE IS NEVER LOST.—In one of the suburbs of Philadelphia lived an old maid, over seventy years old, who never gave up the idea that she should have an offer before she died. She applied last year for admission into the Old Ladies' Home, and was received after paying the usual fee, and what little money she had over, into the matron's hands for safe keeping. One morning she called the matron, and told her there was one thing that troubled her mind very much, and she would like her assistance.

"With the greatest pleasure. Pray what is it?"

"Well, it is this; if I should have an offer of marriage, and accept it, could I get my money back when I leave?"

"By all means, madam."

"Oh, then, I'm perfectly contented," exclaimed the old maid.

THE CENTENNIAL.—"Is you gwine down to dat meetin' at de church tonight?" asked Si when he met Pete at the Kimball House corner.

"What meetin' is dat?"

"De cents-tenyal meetin'."

"Is dat some new-fangled kind o' pertrackted meetin' day's gittin' up 'round hyar?" asked Pete.

"No, you ig'nant nigger! Dis hyar is a meetin' about the selerbration of the Fo'th o' July Indemancipation Declyrashum next year at Fillimundelfy, and dey calls it de cents-tenyal kase all de niggers isn't suspected to gib more'n 10 cents to'rds de ixpenses!"

"No, dis nigger ain't gwine, kase dat's some more ob dat tom-foolishness whar swindles a nigger on sibil rites and gits 'um into dese hyar inskurreptions! I'd rudder spend my dime fur a prize-box wid a tin bres-pin in it. I would!"

Si thought a minute, and then said:

"I b'leeves you's got me on de hip, Pete."

And they both went their ways.

A HARD WINTER.—"Next winter's gwine to be a mighty hard one ef you b'lieve me," said a steamboat rounter on the Elevator, yesterday.

"Why so?" a reporter asked.

"Look at de mus-keeters."

"Well!"

"Y'ever see 'em so thick?"

"They are rather numerous."

"And dey don't sing a bit."

"Maybe they're out of music; besides you know the acoustics of this building are bad."

"Cowsticks?"

"No, acoustics, sound, you understand. Throats of the little warblers out of order, ceiling of the building phonocamptic. Their little song melts away in the distance as it were, the sound is refracted, and——"

"Well, I don't know nuffin 'bout dat, boss, but I tell you's gwine to be a hard winter. When you see so many skeeters not singing a bit, but jest gettin' downright square to business, you may know dey's layin' in a supply of pervishuns fur a hard winter. Dat's my sign."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY W. SEDWIN.

Oh, merrily, right merrily, we dance the trees below.
Dight in raiment brown and golden as we circle to and fro
In the giddy breath of Autumn! Oh, an artist great is he,
And auriferous his colors—none so richly dressed as we!

We have reigned in all the glory of the Summer's verdant sheen,
Glanting gaily in the beauty of our garb of dainty green;
But no living artist's pencil, nor the sunset-tinted cloud,
Can excel the matchless beauty of the falling dead leaf's shroud.

We have glistened in the sunlight on the branches stretching high,
Giving shelter to the weary from the noonday Summer sky;
We have shaded from the mid-day sun the reaper strong and brave,
Ere we joined the giddy circle in procession to the grave.

But hark!—for there is music, sad and dirge-like in its tone,
Like the voice of one who sorrows and bewails his fate alone;
'Tis the requiem of Autumn, and responsively we sigh
As he mourns the hours that perish while we circle, dance, and die.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

LORD DANE'S LEVEE—THE FLAG HALF-MAST HIGH.

Never sure was such a levee seen or heard of. It had no parallel in history, ancient or modern. Her majesty sometimes has a crowded court, her subjects pressing in to do her honor; but her crowds are all of that class who bask on the sunny side of life: no Lazarus must mix with them. The levee at Dane Castle was of a different nature.

It appeared that Lord Dane, with his induction to the home of his ancestors, had taken a new lease of life, so well did he appear. His malady was of a nature to cause him at times excruciating agony, varied with interludes, lasting perhaps a week or fortnight, even more, of freedom from pain. His last attack at the Sailor's Rest, when he sent for Mr. Apperly, had been so violent as to induce a belief in himself and Dr. Green that the end was fast approaching, but he appeared now to have completely rallied from it. Excitement is of benefit in some cases; perhaps it had been so to him.

The castle was thrown open at ten o'clock on the morning of the levee—a brilliant morning in winter, with a blue sky and a bright sun. It was known to be Lord Dane's pleasure that all should attend it, of whatever degree, high or low—of whatever character, bad or good. Not confined to the Dives of life was it—the aristocratic few of Lord Dane's own rank, who might claim the right of entree; not confined was it to the still more scanty few of the good and great; the poor fisherman was as welcome as the exclusive gentleman; and the poachers and smugglers were expressly told to be there. The lower end of the large hall was lined with the Dane retainers, in their handsome livery of purple, their white coats laced with silver. Bruff and Ravensbird stood behind Lord Dane: uncommonly proud was Bruff that day.

How fast the visitors flocked in, none could tell, save those who witnessed it, all pushing eagerly to welcome and do honor to Lord Dane. Had he been made of hands, there would scarcely have been sufficient to satisfy the ardent crowd. He stood with them both outstretched; he had a kind look, a low, heart-felt word for all. His son stood at his right hand, and he presented him individually to all. Wilfred Lester was also very near him, treated by him with marked affection and distinction: Lord Dane was determined to do what he could towards bringing Wilfred back to his proper standing in society—towards reinstating him in the respect of the world. Men saw with surprise that day that Squire Lester also paid consideration to his son: it must be remembered that the last and worst escapade, the breaking into the hall, was not known or suspected to be his work.

The levee came to an end, and the castle resumed its quietness. Herbert Dane remained for the present the guest of Lord Dane, as did Wilfred Lester and his wife; and the strange sensation caused by the return was beginning to subside in Daneshold.

A family dinner-party was about to be held in the castle, no guests invited save the Lesters and Miss Bordillion. Miss Dane, who still officiated as the castle's mistress, made her appearance in the drawing-room on the appointed evening, a perfect marvel of gauze, ringlets, flowers, and pretty colors. Edith was with her, quiet and sad; and soon arrived Lady Adelaide, her husband, and Maria; next, Miss Bordillion. In short, all had assembled except Lord Dane.

"Dinner is served, my lord," announced Bruff, throwing wide the door for them to pass out; but William spoke hastily:

"His lordship is not here yet, Bruff."

"Oh—I beg your pardon, sir. I understood James to say that dinner was being waited for."

"Bruff, you had better apprise my lord," cried out Miss Dane.

He went across the corridor to Lord Dane's room, and knocked at it. There was no reply. Bruff knocked again. Still there came no answer, and the man then tried the door. It was fastened. He went back to the drawing-room, and beckoned out William.

"Sir, I can't get into my lord's room, and I cannot make him hear. I fear he must be ill."

"Dead," was on Bruff's tongue, remembering the precarious state of Lord Dane, but he did not utter it. William hastened to the door. The rest, who had caught sight of Bruff's alarmed countenance, followed him. William put up his finger for silence, and his ear to the door, but not a sound was heard.

"My dear father, are you ready? We are waiting for you," he said, in a clear, distinct voice.

No response.

"Do, pray, speak just one word, Lord Dane, if only to assure us you are not in a fit," cried Miss Dane, in coaxing and trembling accents, for she was easily alarmed. "Harry, then! won't you speak?"

"I shall break open the door," said William, hurriedly. "Had you not better"—he looked at the ladies—"go back to the drawing-room?"

The door was forced, and there lay Lord Dane on the bed. He was not dead, but he appeared to have fainted; feeling ill, he had probably thrown himself on the bed for a few minutes' rest.

"Mr. Wild and Dr. Green, instantly," whispered William to Bruff.

Lord Dane revived to speech and consciousness before they arrived, but death was upon him.

"The night will close it, William," he said, "but I have waited for it long. Maria," taking her hand, "you will be William's wife?"

"Yes," she answered, through her tears.

"Don't wait for months and months to elapse first, because I have but just gone," he continued to them both. "Remember, it is my wish that you marry shortly: and I leave my blessing upon it. William will be here alone. Where is Adelaide?" he resumed, looking round, after a pause.

She had remained in the drawing-room with Miss Dane. One of them went for her.

"Come close to me, Adelaide," he said, when she came in: "stand by your husband; between your husband and Wilfred. Old grim Death has come for me, child: but I must say a few words to you before he penetrates quite in. Did it ever occur to you that you must sometime lie where I am lying?—on your death-bed?"

Very pale and troubled looked Lady Adelaide, but she did not answer.

"There is but one thing will serve you when you come to it—a clear conscience. I look back now on my past life, and vainly gasp forth the yearning wish that I had in many cases acted differently: though, of wilful injustice, I cannot charge my memory. It is not, however, to tell of my faded life, my sins and my atonements, that I speak; they lie between me and my merciful Father, to whom I am hastening. Adelaide, when you come to this hour, what will your conscience say to you for the manner in which you have treated Wilfred Lester?"

She burst into tears; the last sentence was uttered imperatively.

"My dear, you have been guilty of terrible injustice: and I think that your eyes must have had perverting scales thrown before them," pursued Lord Dane. "Wilfred is your husband's eldest son; he has an equal right to partake of his substance with your own children; but you have driven him upon the world without means or resource, that they might enjoy the more. Do you imagine that injustice such as this, can be acceptable to God? or that it will be permitted to prosper?"

A deep silence, broken only by the sobs of Lady Adelaide.

"You must change this course of conduct, and repair the injury, if you would obtain peace at last. I speak to you, more than to Lester, because you have been the chief actor and mover. What could possibly have so set you against Wilfred Lester?"

"It was Tiffie," broke out Lady Adelaide, in her emotion. "She is always exciting me against him."

"Show Tiffie the door," returned Lord Dane, with a touch of his old fire. "I must leave you reconciled."

He took Wilfred's hand in his open palm, and looked at hers. She immediately put hers into it. Mr. Lester did the same.

"And now yours, Edith," said Lord Dane.

The four hands were clasped together—token of the reconciliation, the good feeling that from that hour was to dawn upon them.

"Love and unity," murmured Lord Dane. "Strew your path with them, and they will stand by to serve you ever; scatter it with thorns, and they will turn and prick you at the last. Adelaide, they are my dying words to you!"

All too quickly there was another levee at the castle; but this time the world came in with saddened faces and subdued tread, pressing on to the death-room. The flag floated half-mast high over the gate, and the trestles stood on the flag-floor, bearing their bier—William Henry, seventeenth Baron Dane, lay on it.

Never were there half the followers at any funeral of the Danes, as at this. The interment took place on a cold, bright day—the blue sky overhead, and the white snow covering the ground and the landscape. A marked contrast did that long, sable train present—all walking—to the glitter of the snow, as they wound round from the castle-gates to the private chapel at a short distance—*not* the chapel of the ruins. The officiating clergyman advanced first in his surplice and hood; the coffin was borne next, attended by its pall-bearers; after it, bareheaded and alone, walked Geoffry William, now Lord Dane; behind him came Herbert Dane and Squire Lester; next, the Earl of Kirkdale and Wilfred Lester; others followed; and last, the servants, Bruff and Ravensbird heading them. And thus the true William Henry Dane was at length consigned to the vault of his ancestors, side by side with that unknown stranger who had been buried for him.

Mr. Apperly produced the will on their return to the castle. It was dated but very recently—after the late Lord had taken up his abode at it. A handsome sum was bequeathed absolutely to Herbert Dane, equivalent to twelve hundred a-year; Miss Dane gained an annuity of three hundred. A remembrance was left to Lady Adelaide, and five thousand pounds to Wilfred Lester, as "a thank-offering for having saved my life, and that of one far more precious to me: my dear son, Geoffry William." A thousand pounds was left to Bruff, and two thousand pounds to "my faithful friend and servant, Richard Ravensbird;" a like sum—two thousand pounds—was directed to be equally divided between the castle servants; and the rest of his large fortune was bequeathed to his son—not counting the revenues of Dane, which came to him by law.

"What a wealthy man he has died!" quoth the gossips.

So he had. But he had spent nothing like the whole of his income abroad. William Lydney had been fully justified in asserting that Squire Lester was entirely welcome to Maria's fourteen thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XXII.

A WEDDING-BREAKFAST—THE LAST SCENE ON THE HEIGHTS.

Once more there was a large gathering of the people at Daneshold. But this time it was not of a sad nature, neither did it take place at the castle, but at the residence of Squire Lester. Following

the injunction of his father, William had not long deferred his marriage, and on as balmy a day as May ever brought forth, he was united to Maria.

They had returned from church, and were now seated at the breakfast, a goodly company. Lord and Lady Dane in the middle of the table; opposite to them, Mr. Lester and Lady Adelaide; Wilfred sat by his sister's side, and Edith by Lord Dane. Many friends were present. Bruff, in attendance on his lord, paraded his portly form by the side-board, to the admiration of Squire Lester's less exalted staff of servants, and Ravensbird had invited himself, to wait upon anybody. As to Sophie, she had quitted the Sailor's Rest for the hall at six o'clock that morning, protesting in all her national vanity that nobody but herself could turn out Miss Lester fit to be seen.

Miss Dane was present in the most ravishing costumes—so coquettish and airy that it was difficult to believe anybody but Sophie, with her French taste, had had a hand in it. Herbert Dane was not there. He had left, to take up his residence in Paris, and there he would probably remain for a permanency. He had always favored the gay city, and England was no longer a sunny land to him.

The breakfast had proceeded to the toast-giving. The health of Lord and Lady Dane had been drunk, and William was standing, a flush on his handsome face, to return thanks, when the door slowly opened, and a tall, spare stranger, with a military air, and his sallow features bronzed, stood at it, leisurely surveying the company. The company, in their turn, surveyed him, and William paused. He seemed to strike upon their senses somewhat after the fashion of Banquo's ghost. A dead silence supervened, and not a few of the visitors began to wonder whether this could be a second Lord Dane sprung from the dead.

"Which is Edith?"

Curious words to come from him, and the sea of faces stared in blank consternation, Edith's not less blank than theirs. Suddenly, there was a faint, yearning cry, and Miss Bordillion sprang towards him.

"My brother! I am sure it is my brother!"

Yes, it was Colonel Bordillion. He had just landed from India, having come home without apprising any one.

Oh, there was congratulation! Mr. Lester pressed forward, Lady Adelaide, others who had known him many, many years ago—all with their eager welcome. Edith could not remember him; he had parted from her, a little child of six, when she was sent over from India; and she stood confused, scarcely understanding who it really was. He looked around, perhaps naturally, for the youngest and the fairest, and drew close to her and Maria, surveying each alternately.

"You are Edith," he said, laying his hand on Maria.

"Oh, papa, papa, no—it is I!" said Edith, then, as she fully realized that it was her father, and flung herself into his arms with a burst of hysterical tears. "*I* am Edith."

"And you?" said Colonel Bordillion, smiling upon Maria, after he had given a few moments to Edith.

"I am Maria Lester," returned she, totally oblivious at the moment of her new name.

"And you must be Wilfred?" continued Colonel Bordillion, surveying the tall, handsome form that rose between Maria and Edith.

"Not so, papa. This is Lord Dane. Wilfred is standing at your elbow."

Colonel Bordillion greeted his son-in-law, and then turned to Lord Dane, his eyes ranging over his noble features and manly bearing.

"It is the face and form of a Dane," he said. "But I knew not that there was a young heir to inherit. And what is the cause of this festive assemblage?"

"Nothing but a wedding-breakfast," laughed Lord Dane. "I have been making this young lady my wife."

"Why, you have just told me your name was Maria Lester," cried Colonel Bordillion, smiling down upon her blushing face.

"Forgetting that she has laid it aside forever," put in Wilfred. "She should have said Maria Dane."

Colonel Bordillion sat down with them. He was an exceedingly guileless, open-speaking man, and he entered without ceremony upon his own affairs before everybody.

"I have done with service," he observed, "and have come home to rest during the remainder of my days. You and I can live together, Margaret."

"Oh, yes, yes," she answered; but there was a little catching sob of the breath as she remembered how very poor a house it was to welcome him to.

"A sad affair that bank going," exclaimed one of the guests. "Quite ruined you, did it not, colonel?"

"I thought so at first. It was believed there would not be a shilling for anybody, but it has turned out quite differently. We have got back more than fifty per cent. of our losses. Over thirty thousand pounds they have refunded to me."

Over thirty thousand pounds! The poor Colonel Bordillion? Squire Lester sat and stared at him. Margaret stole a glance at Edith, and laid a hand upon her own beating heart.

"Why, you must have been a sixty thousand pound man, colonel!" exclaimed peppery little Lawyer Apperly. "What an immense fortune!"

"What do you wear out your lives in India for, but to make fortunes?" laughed the colonel. "I assure you, the very instant I could draw my dividend——"

"Thirty thousand, you say?"

"Rather more. The instant I drew it, I made arrangements for returning home to relieve my honored friend and connection, Squire Lester. It has fallen to him to supply his son and daughter-in-law with an income hitherto, and I thought it high time I took my turn at the cost."

If ever a flush of shame darkened a man's countenance, it dyed at that moment George Lester's. How had he supplied them? Left them to starve; nearly allowed Edith to drop into her grave from sheer famine; suffered Wilfred to go to ruin as fast as he pleased! Lady Adelaide, too! she glanced at Edith—a pleading glance from her burning eyelids; it seemed to say, "Do not, in pity, expose me!" So Edith understood it, and a sweet look of loving assurance went back to Lady Adelaide. The least concerned of all was Miss Dane, shaking out her ringlets, and taking shy peeps at Colonel Bordillion—she was speculating upon whether the colonel was or was not too old for her, and whether it might be worth while to set her cap at him.

Later, when Lord and Lady Dane had left, and the guests, saving the immediate family, had dispersed, Squire Lester retired to his study, and desired that Sarah should come to him, she being at the hall that day, partaking of the festivities of the servants. It had been troubling the mind of Mr. Lester, what he could do towards repairing the past.

"Sarah, take a seat," began he, for Sarah had once been the valued nurse in the Lester family, during his first wife's lifetime. "I want to know whether there are not some standing debts owing from your house. They were not all paid up."

"Yes, they were, sir. After Mr. Wilfred came into the money left him by Lord Dane."

"Some, I know, were paid. But what was it that was said about your obtaining so many things on credit, even wine? Wilfred told me he could get no explanation from you about them, and that they were not settled. I should like to pay those debts myself."

"There never were any to pay," returned Sarah, a smile stealing over her hard features. "Why, sir, you can't think I should have been able to get the credit renewed that had been stopped so long. I thought at the time how soft folks must be to fancy so. Every bit and drop that came in I went for with the money in my hand."

"Where did you get the money from?" asked Mr. Lester, in astonishment.

"From one that Danesheld was pulling to pieces as a thief and a vagabond," was Sarah's answer. "I have wished when I heard 'em, I could tie the whole place together, and bump 'em for it. He made friends with me, and told me I must join him in a little bit of deceit, for he could not see my master and mistress's state without relieving it, and I did. He found the money, and I laid it out; and it is thanks to him, William Lydney, that Miss Edith is alive to see her father this day. If ever a young lady has gained a prize, it's your daughter, sir, in marrying him."

"I think she has," said Mr. Lester, with emotion.

"I know she has," was the retort of Sarah. "He was just going to the dogs as fast as he could go, was Mr. Wilfred; yes, sir, you are his father, but I'm not going to eat my words; racing to 'em he was, and William Lydney saved him, bearing all sorts of suspicion and scorn for Wilfred Lester's sake. People talk of the noble Danes; but I'll be whipped if ever there was one of the race half as noble as the present lord."

The next morning, while the Lesters were at breakfast, a violent noise, as of fighting, was heard in the hall. Lady Adelaide's thoughts flew to her children, and she sprang to the room door and opened it. There stood Shad and Tiffie, engaged in a pitched battle, scratching, biting, tearing, and shrieking at each other.

The cause was this: Shad had presented himself at the back door, apparently in a state of much excitement and fear, and demanded to see Tiffie. The girl who answered it ungraciously told him to "Go and hunt for her;" for the fact was, Tiffie, who had got up in a most vile temper, had been making several of the servants suffer, and this girl more particularly. Away went Shad up the passages, looking here, peeping there, until he came to the hall where he caught sight of Tiffie, who was standing with her ear to the keyhole of a door, which happened to be that of the breakfast-room. Shad stole stealthily up behind, and laid hold of her. Tiffie, in her terror, for she thought she was caught, began, when she saw who it was, to pay him off by sundry tingling slaps on the cheeks and pullings of the hair. Shad, in his terror, not to say pain, retaliated, and the result was the battle.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Squire Lester, advancing, "Tiffie!"

Tiffie softened down to meekness; only by the flashing of her sly eyes could one have told how false the meekness was. Shad only howled.

"I'm sure I beg parding, sir, and my lady," returned she. "This wicked raggamuffyan of Granny Bean's come astarting of me to throw me over, just as I was going into the breakfast-room to ask a question of my lady about little Miss Ada——"

"You wasn't a-going in," raved Shad in his anger; "you was a stopping at the door a-listening."

"The ready lies that these young creatures invent!" apostrophized Tiffie, turning up her eyes. "I would not have cared for his startling of me, but it vexed me, sir, to see one like him a-pushing of himself into a gentleman's house. Be quiet, you vagabone, and come along with me. I'll soon put him out, my lady."

"Stop," said Mr. Lester. "How did you get in, Shad?"

"I come to the door and I asked for Mrs. Tiffie," sobbed Shad; "and the young woman she telled me to come and find her——"

"Asked for me—*me!*" put in Tiffie, in a glow of indignation. "The impidince of that!"

"What be I to do?" howled Shad. "Granny's dead, she is, and I be afraid to stop there. Who be I to tell?"

"Granny Bean dead!" returned Mr. Lester.

"I'm sure on't," sniffed Shad. "She's a-sitting back in her chair, with her face blue, and her mouth wide open, and her eyes a-staring. I wondered as she didn't screech at me to get up; so I lay abed, and when I went to her her face was like that. And, because I comes and tells, I'm kicked at and my hair tored out."

"Please, sir, hadn't I better go back with him, and see what it really is?" asked Tiffie, as mild now as milk.

"I think you had," replied Mr. Lester; "but step in here an instant first. Shad, you sit down there," added he, pointing to a chair in the hall.

Tiffie went in and closed the door.

"Lady Adelaide and myself have come to the resolution of parting with you, Tiffie. We have not been satisfied with you for some time, but suffered you to remain until Miss Lester's marriage was over. You will quit the hall this day month."

Tiffie turned her face, growing livid with surprise and anger, from her master's to Lady Adelaide's. Both looked calmly resolute.

"To pa-pa-part with me!" gasped Tiffie. "What have I done?"

"What have you not done in the way of mischief?" returned Mr. Lester. "Ask your own conscience. But for your underhand plots and wicked doings I should never have been opposed to my son in the manner I have. A servant who peers into private places and listens behind doors and hedges will no longer suit Danesheld Hall."

"I!—*I* listen behind hedges!" shrieked Tiffie. "When do I go out to listen? It's a lie!"

"Tiffie, how dare you speak so before your lady! If you have not listened behind hedges yourself, you have taken care that your respectable friend, Mr. Shad, should do it. What is the nature of the connection or relationship between you and Shad?" abruptly concluded Mr. Lester.

The question seemed to drive Tiffie wild. A connection between her and Granny Bean's brat, Shad, she raved! Who dared to insinuate it?

"It is of no consequence," replied Mr. Lester; "remember that you are out of the house this day month. And let me recommend you to drop your favorite employments, looking and listening, before you try for a situation in another family."

Then out broke Tiffie. Her rage mastered her, and she was as a very fiend let loose. She abused her master; she insulted Lady Adelaide. The servants came flocking in astonishment, and Mr. Lester put her out of the house there and then, paying her on the spot the balance of her wages due. She bestowed some benedictions, more loud than holy, upon the hall, as she flounced out of it, pulling Shad with her.

Sure enough, Granny Bean was dead. Tiffie took up her residence in the hut, announcing that she should remain in it for the future, and boasting that she had well feathered her nest, and could live in comfort. What was to become of Shad, people asked. But, alas! that young gentleman turned out to be the offspring of the immaculate Tiffie. It came to light through some recent revelations of Granny Bean. Tiffie at first denied it with glowing indignation, but when she found her denial was only laughed at, then she turned upon them and brazed it out.

"Well, she was—and she was proud of him! there!"

Well she might be, for he was the very image of herself.

* * * * *

The sun was sinking beyond the sea on one of the evenings in June, its last rays illumining a busy scene. What could be going on at Danesheld? It seemed as though all its population had dressed themselves in gala clothes, and had turned out to crowd the heights. Anxiously were their eyes directed to the farther extremity of the road, and, as a carriage wound round the corner into view, symptoms of excitement arose. It was a chariot and four, its panels bearing the Dane arms and coronet. Inside it sat Lord Dane and his wife. They were returning from their bridal tour. Simultaneous with the sight of the chariot to the crowd, came the sight of the crowd to the inmates of the chariot.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Lord Dane, in the surprise of the moment. "Look, Maria."

No need to ask long what it was, or why they had assembled there, for the low murmured tones of greeting grew into deep and heartfelt shouts—"Welcome home to Lord and Lady Dane!"

The carriage advanced at a foot-pace—it could not get on quicker, unless it had crushed the people—and Lord Dane bowed on all sides, the frank smiles on his handsome face pleasing the shouters as much as the bows.

"William, I do believe that everybody is here!" exclaimed Maria, as rich and poor, high and low, were caught sight of in turn. "There's your friend, Ben Beecher."

Lord Dane looked out till he caught his eye, and gave him an especial smile and bow all to himself. Ben reddened with pride.

"Add there's Sophie, William! Do look! she is shaking her handkerchief! And there's Mr. Apperly, shoutings himself hoarse. How kind they all are."

Maria stopped, for at that moment a lovely bouquet was dashed into the carriage, nearly catching her on the cheek. She took it up, laughed, and leaned forward.

"Thank you! thank you, Sophie!" for it had come from Mrs. Ravensbird.

A few paces more, and Lord Dane, taking his wife's hand, pointed to a certain spot where stood two people, somewhat apart from each other—a woman in a gay, new scarlet shawl, and gay yellow bonnet, with pink bows inside, and a young gentleman in a suit of corduroy, ornamented with fancy metal buttons.

"See there, Maria."

"Shad and Tiffie!" Maria uttered. "I wonder she should have that boy with her. And how strangely she is dressed! What will mamma say?"

"As to her having Shad with her, I have a strong suspicion that Shad has more right to be with her than with anybody else," said Lord Dane.

"What do you mean, William?"

Lord Dane only laughed, and there was no time to pursue the theme, for the crowd grew denser.

The gates of the castle were thrown open, and the entrance was lined with the Dane retainers. Gathered before them stood welcoming friends—Mr. and Lady Adelaide Lester and their children, Wilfred and Edith, Colonel and Miss Bordillion, Miss Dane and others. It was the last appearance of Wilfred Lester and his wife. In a day or two they were to depart for town, an excellent appointment under government having been obtained for him through the Dane interest.

The carriage drew up, and, as Lord Dane stepped from it, there was a flourish of trumpets, and a new and stately flag shot up from the centre turret, to wave majestically over the castle. The beams of the departing sun shone upon it, and acclamations rent the air.

A few hasty greetings to relatives, and then William turned to give his final bows of thanks to the crowd, standing bareheaded, his wife upon his arm. They were cheering themselves deaf. He bowed his acknowledgements, he smiled his thanks; to those immediately around he spoke them.

It was a scene worth depicting. The stately old castle and its waving flag; the hundreds gathered before it in their homage and affection; and the fine young chieftain standing there, free and noble, his face lighted by the slanting beams of the sun. As they gazed on his earnest, thoughtful eyes, and his brow of intellect; on his serene features, and the unmistakable expression stamped on them—goodness—they felt that thenceforth Danesheld in its lord would possess a *friend*. Maria leaned on him, her cheeks blushing, and her eyes wet. Perhaps there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd as the last cheers went up—"Long life, peace, and blessings on Lord and Lady Dane!"

[THE END.]

HOW THE WEATHER IS MADE.

BY J. S. INGRAM.

"How does 'Old Probabilities' make the weather?" asked a small boy one day last winter.

"I don't know," replied his companion, at the same time blowing his benumbed fingers, "but I wish he'd make it warmer."

Doubtless there are many among our readers who are like the small boys, both in their ignorance and their wish, and we therefore purpose giving a brief description of how the work is done. Most people who read the newspapers have come to put faith in the weather predictions of "Old Probabilities." His prognostications are usually confirmed by the facts, and his red flag is held to be a true signal of danger from the elements. The Old Farmer's Almanac, so long the farmer's "guide, philosopher and friend," is losing its authority, as an indicator of the weather, and agriculture, as well as commerce, acknowledges the benefits derived from the predictions of the signal service.

The signal service is a branch of the United States army, at the head of which is General Albert J. Meyer, who is the veritable "Old Probabilities," and none other. There is a signal school of instruction and practice at Fort Whipple, Virginia, at which officers detailed for the purpose are instructed in the art of military signals and telegraphing. The instruction here obtained is of practical value to the army in time of war, and is made also to subserve the interests of commerce and agriculture by its application to the observation of the weather. For this latter service men are also enlisted as privates, and after due instruction and examination are promoted to the rank of observer-sergeant, and placed in charge of signal stations.

Of these signal stations there are one hundred scattered over all parts of this country, Canada and the West India Islands. They extend from Eastport, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from Montreal to Havana. They are found on the top of Mount Washington and Pike's Peak. Each of these stations is furnished with two standard barometers, two standard thermometers, one standard hygrometer, one maximum and one minimum thermometer, one anemometer, one wind-vane, one rain-guage, and one clock. Each station is placed in charge of an observer-sergeant, with an assistant, whose duty it is to note the indications of their instruments and make reports to the chief signal office at Washington, by telegraph. Observations are made three times each twenty four hours—morning, evening, and midnight.

All observations are sent to the Washington office in a cipher, only understood by those who write and translate them, but a cipher so well arranged that it is certain, if well managed, to avoid all mistakes that would be apt to occur in using figures. As soon as all the reports are received, they are translated and written out on manifold paper to furnish copies for use of newspapers. Then they take a skeleton map, and in red lines mark in circular or required shape the state of the barometer in different sections—marking inside one space "High," and the other "Low." These spaces are in a different place at every observation. The marks are transferred to a lithographic stone, and the work of lithographing commences. A peculiar face plate is at hand for use in printing the different data at each station, synopsis of reports and probabilities. This plate is arranged by changing the type to suit the changed particulars of the new reports, and printed on the map from the lithographing room.

The Barometer in use is the Green's standard, and is always carefully compared with the standard in the office before issued for use. In transporting it, even carrying it across a room, it is screwed up and borne with the cistern uppermost. While in that position it is not easily injured; but when hung up a sudden jolt might send a bubble of air into the vacuum at the upper end of the tube, and the instrument would be useless until repaired. It is placed in a room of uniform temperature, not heated or too much exposed to the sun. It is suspended at the height of the eye, near a window, in such manner as to be lighted perfectly without exposure either to the direct rays of the sun, or to the currents of air which are always found at the window casings and doors. To protect the instrument from external injuries, dust, and the direct radiation of warm bodies or currents of air from the windows, the wooden case in which it is carried is fastened firmly against the wall in a vertical position near the window, in such a manner that the cover will open in a direction parallel to the panes. An opening large enough to admit the tube of the barometer is made in the upper end of the box, and it is suspended on a strong hook driven in the wall. When not in use the cover is kept closed. When an observation is taken it is opened, the instrument drawn out on the hook clear of the box and in full light of the window. The observation is taken and the barometer slipped back into the box.

The Thermometer is hung at the height of the eye, in the open air, facing the north in such a manner that it is always in the shade. It is placed so as to avoid the light reflected from surrounding objects—rain, snow and hail. Reading the thermometer is done rapidly and with great care, so that it may be done with exactness, and the working of the instrument may not be influenced by the heat of the body or lantern.

The Hygrometer is an instrument used in determining the degree of moisture in the atmosphere. It is placed in the same shelter as the thermometer, and near it. The cistern is kept supplied with pure water at all times when the air is above the freezing point, and the lamp-wick on the wet bulb is changed at the end of each second month and the bulb carefully cleaned. When the temperature of the air is below the freezing point, the water is emptied from the cistern and the wet bulb moistened by means of a camel's hair brush fifteen minutes before the observation is made, or long enough to permit the ice to form and dry on the bulb. The coating of the ice must be thin, or the reading is apt to be incorrect.

The Anemometer is an instrument used to measure the force and velocity of the wind. It is fixed in a vertical position upon a post of sufficient height to bring it on a level with the eye of the observer, and must be in an exposed position, so as to receive the full force of the wind. It is usually fixed on the roof in frames to prevent vibration of the instrument.

By means of this last named instrument and a wind-vane, the wind is made to record its own progress and force, one of the most interesting of all the processes connected with the Signal Service work. The vane has four arms like a boy's wind-mill, and is kept perpetually revolving by the action of the wind. Its revolutions give movement to a dial graduated in miles, one complete revolution being equivalent to ten miles of wind. The movement of the wind may thus be read from this dial, but as it would be inconvenient, especially at an inclement season, to make the records on the roof, electricity is made to report the story in the more comfortable quarters of the signal room below. Here is placed a very ingenious instrument called a self-registering anemometer. In this instrument is a cylinder, whose revolutions, being produced by clockwork, correspond to the flight of time. One complete revolution occupies the time from 12 M. to 12 M. Around this cylinder is wound a record paper marked by parallel lines, the spaces between which correspond to the hours. Between these lines are dotted lines, the spaces between which indicate the lapse of five minutes each. An armature holds a lead-pencil directly in front of this revolving cylinder. This is connected by an electric wire with the dial plate on the roof, in which are pegs, or central pins, indicating the number of miles traveled by the wind. When the dial has been moved by the wind the distance of a mile, one of these pins comes in contact with a spring and immediately the intelligence that the wind has traveled a mile is flashed along the telegraph wire to the instrument in the office below, the armature moves towards the record paper on the revolving cylinder, and the pencil makes a horizontal mark one-eight of an inch long. The number of these marks made between the hour lines shows the number of miles the wind has traveled in an hour. When a heavy gale is blowing the pencil dashes at the paper with great rapidity, making the marks so closely together that they can scarcely be counted, while at a time of comparative calm the marks are wide apart. It is curious to see this pencil, thus moved by the combined forces of wind and electricity, making its record with all the accuracy and apparent intelligence of a scientific observer. It is thus that "Old Probabilities" makes the elements tell their own story.

ORIGIN AND SECRECY OF INVENTIONS.

A century ago what a man discovered in the arts he concealed. Workmen were put upon oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by thick set fences of empirical pretensions and judicial affirmation. The royal manufactories of porcelain, for example, were carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his people, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither kind nor king's delegate might enter the tabooed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the Dresden porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen the like—was manufactured for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of the operatives ever revealed it. Other discoveries have been less successfully guarded fortunately for the world. The manufacture of tinware in Europe originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory, it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron; dip it into a bath of the boiling tin and remove it enveloped with the silvery metal to a place for cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, insinuated himself master of the secret and brought it home. The secret of manufacturing cast steel was also stealthily obtained, and is now within the reach of all artisans.

RAILWAYS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—When railways on land were first talked of the projectors were credited with being visionary enthusiasts. What then is likely to be thought of those who seriously propose to have railways under the sea? A submarine carriage, of a most ingenious construction, has recently been invented in Paris to cross the channel, and for navigating deep rivers and canals. The carriage is of galvanized iron, and is hermetically sealed. As its lightness, compared with the surrounding water, would cause it at once to rise to the surface, it is attached to a heavy eight-wheeled truck, which runs on a line of rails laid down under the ocean. It is not fastened so securely, however, but that in the event of an accident it could be at once detached and allowed to ascend to the open air, when it would be easy to make for the nearest port. The motive-power is supplied by two screws driven by means of compressed air. An enormous quantity of air is distributed through the interior in numerous pipes, for the benefit of the crew and passengers. We might enter still farther into details, and describe the electric light at the bows, which is to illuminate both the road and the interior of the vessel; the entrance for the passengers, hermetically sealed when all are aboard; the strong glass windows, out of which one may see the marvels of the deep; the raft carried on the roof, and the divers' chamber at the stern.

A HOUSE without pictures is like a stem shorn of its fair flowers. If you would make a room look neat, cheerful and homelike, first, and above all else, rob it of its staring, naked walls, by covering them up with modest and refined pictures.

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry or frugality nothing will do; and with them everything.

RECEIPTS.

CARE OF DAHLIA ROOTS.—The roots should be dug up as soon as the first hard frost has spoiled their foliage. Cut the stem about six inches above the tubers; then lay them up to dry. After they have become dry, pack them in the cellar, there to remain until they begin to grow in the spring; then plant them out in the borders, previously dividing the roots if an increase is required.

VARNISHED FURNITURE.—This may be finished off so as to look equal to the best French polished wood, in the following manner: Take two ounces of Tripoli, powdered; put it into an earthen pot, with just enough water to cover it; then take a piece of white flannel, lay it over a piece of cork or rubber, and proceed to polish the varnish, always wetting it with the tripoli and water. It will be known, when the process is finished, by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, and observing whether there is a fair, even gloss. When this is the case, take a bit of mutton suet and fine flour, and clean the work. The above process is suitable to other varnished surfaces.

STRENGTHENING BLANC MANGE.—Dissolve in a pint of new milk half an ounce of isinglass, strain it through a muslin sieve, put it again on the fire, with the rind of half a small lemon, pared very thin, and two ounces of sugar, broken small; let it simmer gently until well flavored, then take out the lemon peel, and stir the milk to the beaten yolks of three fresh eggs; pour the mixture back into the saucepan, and hold it over the fire, keeping it stirred until it begins to thicken; put it into a deep basin, and keep it moved with a spoon, until it is nearly cold; then pour it into moulds which have been laid in water, and set it in a cool place till firm. This we can recommend for invalids as well as for the table generally.

CHEAP GALVANIC BATTERY.—Take a cylindrical vessel, and put another of porous porcelain inside of it; fill the vessel with diluted sulphuric acid, and the space between the two with sulphate of copper (if you require to plate the article with copper), if not, a solution of the salt of gold, silver, etc., according to that which you wish it to be; put a slip of zinc in the sulphuric acid, and attach a copper wire to it, and the other end of the wire to the medal or article you wish to plate, and immerse that in the other solution. Your battery is now complete. If you want the copper to be very thick, you must put a few solid crystals of copper in the solution; where you do not want it to come in contact, you must touch it with a little grease; if you want to take the copper off the article, you must do it over with a slight varnish.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

THE Sheffield silver-workers have decided to present a silver cup of the value of £100 to Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M. P., as a mark of their appreciation of the noble manner in which he has taken up the cause of the sailors.———Twenty forts and a large number of provisional camps are being constructed in a circle about twelve miles from Paris, and will be completed in 1878, three years sooner than was anticipated.———A movement is on foot in England for the abolition of the custom of wearing mourning in memory of the dead.———Although imprisonment for debt has been abolished in Great Britain, nearly twenty thousand persons were arrested for debt last year, one-fourth of whom went to prison rather than pay. They were committed, however, not for inability, but for unwillingness to meet their obligations.——The will of Isaac M. Singer, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, was propounded before the Hon. Owen T. Coffin, Surrogate of West Chester county, New York, one day last week. The documents presented in the case appraise the value of the property in the United States at $9,000,000, and in Europe at $4,000,000. Thirteen millions in all—a pretty good sum for sewing up the community, but then he took many a stitch out of the side of the poor girl by his handy needle.———The combined area of the six New England States is 68,348 square miles; the area of the single State of California is nearly three times as much. The area of the Middle States, including Maryland and West Virginia, is 187,364 square miles; California has 188,981 square miles within its borders. California is a great country; it is 78,135 square miles larger than the whole of Great Britain.———More than 8,000 bodies have been registered as having been interred in a churchyard of less than a half acre in Cornwall, England. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, vouching for this statement, adds that the air of the church is so infected that floral decorations turn black in a few hours.———The London police have the names of 117,000 habitual criminals on the register.———During the past year 145 new streets were opened in London, and 7,764 new houses built.———At the London dog show, held this year, one of the animals was valued at $50,000.———The London police force consists of 9,292 men.

To Owners of Horses.

NO ONE WHO HAS EVER USED DR. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment will ever be without it. It is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

FROM THE GEM OF THE WEST.

A lady friend, with the finest complexion we ever saw, told us that "after reading the advertisement of Dr. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, in our publication a year ago, she purchased it, and now she would not be without it for all the gold in Chicago." She further said that "hundreds of friends had tried to discover what she had used, but she had refused to inform them, as she had prized it as a secret." We have determined to make the matter public. Let our readers try it. Found at Dr. FELIX GOURAUD'S, 48 Bond street, New York, and all druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Oct. 16, 1875.

BORROWING AND LENDING.

Accidental misfortune will happen to all; but the observation of life forces us to believe it more firmly every year, that no one ever remains unfortunate without there being, generally speaking, some recondite reason, some "screw loose" somewhere, accounting for the fact. It may be a hard saying, but we fear it is only too true, that nobody ever becomes a permanent "object of charity" without having ceased to deserve it.

This rule especially applies to the large class of which all of us know so many, who are said to live "from hand to mouth," the mouth being usually their own, and the hand that of their friends; or rather the acquaintances who successively acquire and renounce the title.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For debt oft loses both itself and friend,"

Itself, because the borrower seldom becomes such till he is in circumstances which make repayment, at least doubtful; the friend, because two friends who have been placed in that position together rarely recover the old relation entirely. A gift, out and out, is often a real pleasure, an exceeding boon; but a loan, if ever repaid, or very long of payment, always places both parties in a false position. There is a sense of humiliation on the one side, of being made use of on the other, which creates a reserve at any rate, even between sincere friends; and if there has been in the transaction the slightest insincerity, is fatal in its results. You pity, you pardon, you regret, you apologize, but you two are never quite as you were before. Of course there is no rule without exceptions; still, ordinarily speaking, they are the wisest people who follow Polonius' advice, and as long as possible preserve themselves from being either borrowers or lenders.

But there is a form of borrowing and lending which becomes, on both sides, an error so great as to be little short of an actual crime; in the borrower, who borrows without hope or intention of repayment; in the lender, who does what he is asked to do from no sense of kindness or justice, or even charity, but just "to get rid of the fellow," or from being himself "a fellow that can't say no." Worse sometimes, a fellow who from some business or worldly reason concerning the borrower and himself, is afraid of the consequences of saying No. Therefore he allows himself to pay a sort of black-mail to the unworthy levier thereof; hating and grudging, but still paying it, and flattering himself that it looks like benevolence.

The cowardice of such conduct is only equalled by its folly. To be perpetually stopping up a hole, which yawns the next day wider than ever, is the act, not of generosity but of stupidity. Many a man has gone to ruin, because some weak, foolish relative or friend to whom he applied for money had not the sense to refuse it at once; absolutely, remorselessly, at all cost of pain and wounded feeling between himself and his would-be debtor. Better a passing coolness than an enmity for life.

In Idle Dream.—For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and opposition, is to dream in the lap of folly itself. What should we amount to were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, and learn our theories are never according to the laws of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our own limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us. For in adversity and opposition we are tried, and trials are nothing more than tests of nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. The material comes to its highest in this life, and gradually refined and got rid of after natural laws. Our experience is merely passing through these changes, which would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape altogether. We ought not to make complaint when we see how all things work together for our good.

A Gentleman.—Show us the man who is ever ready to pity and help the deformed; show us the man who covers the faults of others with a mantle of charity; show us the man who bows as politely and gives the street as free to the poor sewing girl as to the millionaire; who values virtue, not clothes; who shuns the company of such as gather at public places to gaze at the fair sex, or make unkind remarks on the passing girl; show us a man who abhors a libertine; who scorns the ridicule of his mother's sex, and the exposure of womanly reputation; show us the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy due woman, in any condition or class—and you show us a gentleman.

Life and its Ends.—Remember for what purpose you were born, and, through the whole of life, look at its end. Consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity—it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures—they will be gone; not in great connections—they cannot serve you; not in wealth—you cannot carry it with you; not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in a giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and a wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and wisely in this present world.

REGRETS.

BY A. G. THOMPSON.

As when the seaward ebbing tide doth pour
Out by the low sand spaces,
The parting waves slip back to clasp the shore,
With lingering embraces.

So in the tide of life that carries me
From where thy true heart dwells,
Waves of my thoughts and memories turn to thee
With lessening farewells;

Waving of hands; dreams, when the day forgets,
A care lost in cares:
The saddest of my verses; dim regrets;
Thy name among my prayers.

I would the day might come, so waited for,
So patiently besought,
When I, returning, should fill up once more
Thy desolated thought,

And fit thy loneliness that lies apart
In still persistent pain.
Shall I content thee, oh, thou broken heart,
As the tide comes again.

And brines the little seashore lakes, and sets
Seaweeds afloat, and fills
The silent pools, rivers and rivulets
Among the inland hills!

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. R. CARLISLE.

At last, the summer basking is done, and the sun, like a red wafer, has gone down on this last day of September, sealing it for the post-office at doomsday. What makes the weather so awry? I can remember when summer was more punctual, and July halted on the threshold of August.

Two sets of people are glad. Those who ran away from this great stone and brick oven, and can now approach, and those who endured the heat and incessant leak of humanity, because they "couldn't get away."

And what days these have been, days of heat super-heated; when thirty people in a street car united in hating the thirty-first who would wedge in, and shut off the breeze; when clerks drank root beer, for fear the roots of life were failing; when the steam from the hotel range struck you like the breath of Tartarus; when the bakers looked vicious, and the cooks were aggravated; when the "porter" splashed the dust with a quarter inch stream of water; when the blinds were down and ladies lingered in baths; when wine was put on ice, and people sliced cucumbers in water; when every breath out of doors was like a great life, pressed into a minute! But it is all passed now, and the premonitory touch of winter has drawn our nerves into pleasurable tension again. The glorious sunset flame is on the wooded hills; the tawny nuts patter down on last year's withered leaves, and the squirrels forage along the creeks; the streams, thrice the summer's depth, have gathered sinew to resist the icy king; Summer will soon be closed in her hard sepulchre, there to lie until spring comes again to roll away the stone; the nights are resplendant, and in this Sabbath of the year, the stars seem to come lower down to listen in mute sympathy to its melodious death song, the dying year is singing.

All these days of summer were trying to patience and muscle, and yet to-day, in the crisp atmosphere playing along the edge of approaching winter, we think of them as trifles. Human nature. The important things of to-day, only trifles to-morrow. Half the hardships of the world are imaginary, and even these, nature has fenced about with an armor of hope and delusion to soften the pain of unrealization.

The poor, striving young man has saved a few hundred dollars, and he starts for himself. He will buy some one out. The man wants to sell, and he draws pictures while the buyer listens.

"You can clear thirty dollars a week, sure!"

He buys, and on Saturday night he counts cash, after expenses—just two dollars and thirty cents. Twenty-seven dollars and seventy cents worth of his hope gone. To-morrow he will look back at it, and the mountain of to-day is only a mole hill. The thirty dollars a week was a momentum, the two dollars and thirty cents the specific gravity.

If this young man has grit to endure this dwindling down from the colossal, he will hammer it back to the thirty dollars, but if, in the great gulp his heart must give when he counts the small remainings, his spunk gives out, he will go under.

That easy arithmetic of his in its rapid progression said, "Thirty dollars—four times thirty, one hundred and twenty—twelve times that, fourteen hundred and forty dollars." What visions in that sum to him. The other leaf says, one hundred and ten dollars and forty cents—difference, thirteen hundred and twenty-nine sixty—what a gap; and that gap will have to be a fierce battle ground for twelve months, months of patience long drawn out, of sacrifices, of reason in competition with inclination, of labor.

But it will heighten all this and make your bravery the stronger and braver—that is if you are made of the right sort of stuff—to know, that when that gap is closed, your arithmetical progression is not a fantasm, and the money saved if rightly steered, will land you in the elegant residence, take you riding in your own carriage, and surround you with all that you dream of now.

Then these privations which have been the rungs in your ladder, will appear as trifles.

But in that one or two years you can't go on in a sort of "up in a balloon" way. You cannot belong to the club, go to the races, to the theatre three or four times a week, smoke Havana cigars, wear diamonds, and all that; but you can go to the library, to the lecture room, to the gymnasium, now and then to the higher drama, to the art hall, and in them all take lessons in nobility of life.

I think it a great mistake that young men who have three or four hundred dollars ahead do not put it into business for themselves. I am talking now of young men who have saved that sum from their own labor, and not the Adonis who gets out of his perfumed and fairy-tented couch at nine in the morning—mere dead muscle—to find the wants of life spread out for him.

If a young man has saved that much from his salary, it is proof that he possesses ability, or he never would have had it. One of the colossal fortunes of this city the owner built from one hundred and thirty dollars invested by him. That was his beginning, and now his ships come from all portions of the globe to bring him wealth. This can be supplemented a thousand times in this land. If a young man has this sum, let him start for himself. No matter how small and obscure at first, he can force his way out; can wrest the wreath and enforce recognition. If his ability is worth five hundred a year to another, it will double when he fights his own personal individual battle. It is a good thing to believe that you will work for your employer's interest as you would your own. No man ever did it. No man ever loved his neighbor as himself. Self preservation is a deeper, stronger law, and certain maxims lose their proverbial when the representative character is gone. Such small beginnings as these require corresponding effort, but the independence he will feel when he remembers that it is for himself, will born the effort. The very responsibility will give him freshened courage, energy, and hopeful aspirations.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Marie Edmond Patrice Maurie de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta (whose desperate struggle and defeat before the Prussian armies during the memorable August of 1870, will long be told in the pages of history), was born in 1808, at the Chateau de Sully, near Autun, in the Department of Saone-et-Loire. He derives his descent from an Irish family who risked and lost all for the last of the Stuart kings. The MacMahons, carrying their national traditions, ancestral pride, and historic name to France, mingled their blood by marriage with the old nobility of their adopted country.

The MacMahons have been, and still are, a race of warriors. The father of the present Marshal was a friend of Charles X, and held the rank of lieutenant-general in the armies of France, with the distinction of Commander of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis. His uncle, the Marquis de MacMahon, was a major-general in the French army; and so far back as the Revolution of 1830, which finally drove the Bourbons from the throne of Louis Capet, the Marshal's elder brother was a major, or *chef de bataillon*.

Up to the age of seventeen, young MacMahon was educated at the quiet seminary of Autun. He was then transferred to the military school of St. Cyr, which, two years afterwards, in 1827, he left as *sous-lieutenant elève*, and, as such, joined the Staff School of Application.

The first fighting experiences of MacMahon were made in Algeria, in 1830, while acting as orderly officer to General Archard. In this capacity he accompanied the first Medeah expedition, and greatly distinguished himself in an engagement on the Mouzaia, by carrying a despatch through a whole army of Arabs. General Archard wished to send a message to Colonel Rulhieres, at Blidah—at the close of the successful battle of the "Hill of Terchia"—between three and four miles off, to change the order of his march. This message he entrusted to MacMahon, and offered him a squadron of mounted chasseurs as an escort. The gallant young descendant of the Gaels needed no guard; he would deliver the message alone; he mounted his horse, and rode off. Three miles through an enemy's country, where every rock or shrub might hide an armed foe, was a dangerous ride; but the solitary horseman pricked his steed, and trotted on without a thought of fear. About six hundred yards from Blidah lay a ravine, bluff, broad, and deep, beyond which the ground was level and smooth. Within a short distance of that ravine MacMahon had ridden, when, suddenly, he beheld a host of Arabs in full pursuit of him from every side. One look told him his chances; there was nothing for it but to jump that treacherous gulf, or be butchered by his pursuers. He sat his horse's head at the leap, put spur and whip to it, reached the bank, and cleared the ravine at a bound. It was a terrible jump; the pursuing Arabs would not risk their necks at it; and only sent after the daring soldier a shower of bullets, as horse and rider rolled over the other side, with the poor steed's leg broken. MacMahon, round whose ears the balls still whistled, disengaged himself from the wounded animal, and reached the town safely on foot.

For this gallant exploit he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1832—still with General Archard—MacMahon was present at the siege of Antwerp, at the close of which he was created captain. Returning to Algeria in 1836, he was wounded at the second siege of Constantine, in the following year, while acting as aide-de-camp to General Damremont. Recompensed here with the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honor, we subsequently find him, in 1840, aide-de-camp to General Changarnier, in Algeria, where, shortly after, he obtained the command of a regiment of *Chasseurs-a-pied*, a body greatly relied upon by the French, but which was so terribly cut up at the battle of Woerth. It was with those Chasseurs—then being organized by the Duke of Orleans—that MacMahon gained additional honors, commanding several expeditions against the Kabyles, and assisting to subdue the renowned Arab leader, Abd-el-Kader.

We next come to MacMahon's services in the Crimea. In August, 1855, he replaced General Canrobert in the command of the first division of the French Crimean army; and when the chiefs of all the allied forces resolved on assaulting Sebastopol, on the 8th of September, they assigned to General MacMahon the perilous post of carrying the works of the Malakoff. For the brilliant success on this occasion, he was elevated to the dignity of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor; and, in 1856, was nominated a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. The same year he was elevated to the dignity of Senator. Shortly after, he returned to Algeria, and took an active part in the campaign of 1857; and, in 1858, he was named commander-in-chief of the whole Algerian forces.

When the war with Austria broke out, in 1859, he was suddenly recalled from Algeria, and was appointed commander-in-chief of the second *corps d'armee* of Italy. The battle of Magenta was the crowning achievement of MacMahon's soldierly skill and dash. It was the feat of Desaix repeated: by it French honor was saved, and an overwhelming foe defeated. In one week the armies of Napoleon III drove back the Austrians across the Ticino, turned their flanks, and forced them to give battle. With a suddenness which the French had not anticipated, the Austrians, who had concentrated 150,000 men upon this point, attacked the advancing allies at the bridge of Magenta. The choicest French troops were there; and, under the eye of the Emperor himself, they met the charge with unbroken front, and drove back the foe with loss. But the Austrians, reinforced every moment, returned to the assault again and again; and, after many an hour of desperate fighting, the fortune of the day seemed to turn against the French. MacMahon, with the force under his command, had, early in the day, crossed the river further up, to execute a flank movement, and had already marched some miles away from the scene where the hottest fury of battle was raging. The thunder of the cannon, however, reached his ears. With the quick intelligence of a great military chief, he saw at once how matters stood; and hastily reversing his orders, he doubled upon the Austrians. It was the decisive moment of battle; the Austrians were utterly routed, and fled in disorder, leaving 7,000 prisoners in the hands of the conquerors, and 20,000 soldiers killed and wounded on the field of battle. That day, which freed Lombardy from Germany, saw MacMahon raised to the dignity of Marshal and Duke of the Empire, as Duke of Magenta.

Appointed Governor-General of Algeria by decree of the 1st of September, 1864, Marshal MacMahon had great difficulties to encounter, but he was always equal to the tasks he had to perform. He repressed with great vigor the "tribus" in revolt, and by large personal sacrifices alleviated the effects of the famine.

After such a glorious career, the defeat which he sustained at the hands of the Prussians in the war of 1870 must have been a very severe blow to him. That he did all that was possible for a brave man to do, there can be no doubt, and the history of the war will bear testimony to this. When a Committee of the National Assembly subsequently investigated the causes of the disastrous defeat of the French armies, MacMahon assumed the entire responsibility for the misfortunes which followed the march of his army from Chalons to Sedan. When he returned from his captivity in Germany, after the war, on March 18th, 1871, the government of President Theirs placed him at the head of the army against the insurgents. He justified the confidence placed in him so fully, that Thiers, in a report made to the Assembly on April 27th, 1871, called him "the chevalier without fear and reproach of our times."

In January, 1872, the Conservative Party in Paris, who had before requested him to be a candidate for the National Assembly, again urged him, but he, as before, declined. When Thiers, in the same month, intended to offer his resignation, MacMahon, in the name of the entire army, asked him to withdraw it. Thus he remained entirely aloof from the progress of all political strife, both in defence of the republican form of government and against it, until in May, 1873, the Conservative parties unanimously appealed to his patriotism to assume the Presidency. He consented, and was duly elected President of the Republic, May 24th, 1873. In accepting this office, MacMahon declared that with the assistance of God, and with the support of the army, he would do all in his power to complete the work of the liberation of the country and the restoration of moral order, and in all things loyally carry out the majority of the Assembly—a pledge which he has most faithfully fulfilled.

Sargent S. Prentiss.—No man South or North, ever left a reputation for purer eloquence. Pitted in his early days against Claiborne, of Mississippi, and against a candidate for governor who alone of all the Democracy had the courage to meet him in public debate, he took captive the Southern mind. Not alone by his sublimated eloquence or ready wit did he capture it, but by his ready sympathy and honest bravery. We have often heard Judge Sharkey speak of his victories at the bar, and the volumes which record Congressional successes speak of the great ovation which the demigods of Senate and House paid him on his debate upon the contest for his seat. All were enthralled by his witchery. He became national at a bound. His simple letters to his New England home, describing his trials and victories, give no idea of his romantic life. They vainly endeavor to tell of the success of his elocution and the temptations of his wild and glorious life. His paramount genius was oratory. His humor was the servant of this genius, not its lord. Once, when in joint discussion, Governor McNutt deplored his habits, which were rendering his learning and eloquence useless, he retorted on the governor with *riant* effect. He first described in classic style the utilities and inspirations of wine and whisky. Before making the *ad hominem* upon the governor, he pictured the glug-glug-glug of the jug, as the politician tilts it and pours from its reluctant mouth the corn juice so loved of his soul. There is no music dearer to his ear, unless it be the same glug-glug-glug as it disappears down his capacious throat. Then turning to his opponent, his face all shining with fun, he said: "Now, fellow citizens, during this ardent campaign, which has been so fatiguing, I have only been drunk once. Over in Simpson county I was compelled to sleep in the same bed with this distinguished nominee, this delight of his party, this wonderful exponent of the principles and practices of the unwashed Democracy, and in the morning I found myself drunk on corn whisky. I had lain too close to this soaked mass of Democracy, and I was drunk from absorption!"—The Hon. S. S. Cox, in *Harper's Magazine for October*.

The Saturday Evening Post.—A change in the proprietorship of the oldest of the literary journals, was made on the 6th of August, R. J. C. Walker, Esq., and Mr. C. McF. Reed, retiring, and Joseph P. Reed and Major Charles I. Wickersham forming a new partnership for the continuance of the business. The retiring parties have done much to advance the interests of this time-honored journal, and the new proprietors will, we doubt not, conduct the enterprise with energy and ability, which will make it a still more gratifying success. The Saturday Evening Post is the best and purest of the journals of its class.—*From Commercial and Manufacturer's Gazette, Philadelphia, Sept.*, 1875.

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following story, related by a mother to her children, a few years since, shows the spirit that existed among the people of New England at the trying period to which it relates:

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, 1776, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The train band was instantly called out, and my brother, next older than myself, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I arose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march the day after to-morrow, at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be away seven or eight months, and would suffer for want of winter garments. There was at this time no store, and no articles to be had except such as each family would make itself. The sight of a mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the mind to action. I immediately asked her what garments were needed. She replied "Pantaloons."

"Oh; if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said my mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep is in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt dish and call them into the yard.

Mother replied, "Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," I said.

"But we can't spin and weave in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it? There is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an extra loom."

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring the wheel and cards, while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for the web; we then let her go with the rest of the flock. I sent the wool in with my sister. Luther ran off for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then allowed her to go with the remaining part of her fleece.

The wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off; the web got in, woven and prepared, cut and made two or three hours before my brother's departure, that is to say, forty hours from the commencement.

The good old lady closed by saying: "I felt no weariness, I wept not—I was serving my country; I was preparing a garment for my darling brother. The garment finished, I retired and wept, till my over-charged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of Gen. Stark's best soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute the threat of marching through the heart of America.

HOSPITALITY.

BY FANNY FERN.

If each person were asked to define this word, the answers would be amusing. Emerson says, "that we should not turn away wholly from the routine of our daily life to make our guests welcome; that every one worthy to sit at table knows that life has its necessary duties; and that we should not burden our friends with the thought that our business is suffering derangement and loss by their coming."

This is common sense; but if we measure the majority of people by it, then few "*are* worthy to sit at one's table." It may be because insincerity is so much the order of the day, that each so distrusts the other, that a person cannot say frankly to a friend without giving offence, "I would be glad to stay longer with you, or have you stay longer, but I really cannot now." A lady said to me, not long since, "I never dare say truthfully that I am 'engaged' when a visitor comes, no matter how impossible circumstances make it for me to receive him or her. If I do, it always offends. Therefore I am obliged to send word that I am 'not at home,' and the caller leaves without any wound to his or her self-love." Now, this ought not to be. A straightforward honesty is much better. But there are so many inconsiderate people, who, provided they gain their point to see you, care little at what sacrifice on your part of time, or at what postponement of imperative duties. *They* have time enough—so much, that they are even puzzled what to do with it; how can it be that *you* have none, or so little, at the service of friends? They cannot comprehend that one's duty or one's labor may tread so closely on the heels of the other, that your remaining vitality needs the most careful nursing and division to keep your steps from *final* faltering. What is to be done with such inhospitable people as these? You feel no unkindness towards them; but you have little sympathy for them.

I recollect once a lady in the same house with me to whom I apologized as civilly as I knew how, for being obliged to leave her to write a promised article. She bowed coolly, and on my leaving the room, said to a friend of mine, "I suppose she did that to get rid of me; don't you think so?"

It is much easier to get on with men, because they can understand that life has its unpostponable duties, without any lifting of eyebrows or incredulous shrugging of shoulders, or a cool salute the next time you two meet. The intercourse of one gentleman with another in this regard has always elicited my admiration. They take up a newspaper or a book, and read, in each other's presence, with a tacit understanding of its perfect propriety. If one has to leave, he often says no more than "I'm off," or "Good-bye," "Shall see you again on another evening," or some other familiar observation perfectly well understood, and therefore appreciated. Sometimes it is only a touch of the hat, or a hand laid on the other's shoulder in passing, and sometimes only a nod; and no black looks follow.

PERSONALITIES.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the champion diet reformer, has got the dyspepsia.

Marshal Bazaine is seeking a position in the Russian army.

Whittier composes his poetry aloud, and very early in the morning, much to the discomfort of his household.

Mrs. Bloomer, who brought about the short dress movement, is now living at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and wears long dresses.

At Olney, England, is still to be seen the home of Cowper, and the little summer house in which he wrote many of his works.

Mr. Hugh A. Clarke, the well known author of "School for Parlor Organs," and other works, has been elected Professor of Music in the University of Pennsylvania.

Victor Hugo, who is fully expected to visit the United States during the Centennial year, has been proffered a reception by the Lotos Club of New York, to be tendered on his arrival in that city.

What troubles Thomas Carlyle most keenly is, that the nerves of his hand are so shattered that he cannot write himself. He is obliged to employ an amanuensis, and that is a serious drawback to one who has been accustomed to do his thinking with a quill in his hand.

Thiers always carries his own bed about with him when he travels. He took it along when he went to Ouchy, Switzerland, the other day, and the sight of the little iron bedstead in the ex-President's baggage on the way is said to have provoked great merriment.

Capt. Webb has been lifted into quite a prominent position in England by his late efforts in the Leander line. Subscriptions have been opened in London and the provincial towns for the purpose of presenting him with some token of the popular appreciation of his courage, and about $2,000 has already been collected.

The salaries of the different monarchs of Europe are given by a German statistician as follows: Alexander II, $9,152,000, or $25,000 a day; Abdul Aziz, $9,000,000, or $18,000 a day; Francis Joseph, $4,000,000, or $10,050 a day; Fred. William II, $3,000,000, or $8,210 a day; Victor Emmanuel, $2,400,000, or $6,840 a day; Victoria, $2,200,000, or $6,270 a day; Leopold, $600,000, or $1,643 a day. In addition to this salary, each of these individuals is furnished with a dozen or more first-class houses to live in without any charge of rent.

Recently Mrs. Julia Ward Howe gave what is called a "blue tea," at her residence in Newport, in honor of Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, of New York, a sister star of the literary firmament. This proved to be one of the latest and most unique social successes of the season. Guests, dresses, and decorations were deeply and beautifully blue; even to knots of blue ribbon on the cream pitchers and sugar bowls. One lady honored the occasion with blue stockings even. About forty people were present, and each was required to bring a prose or verse contribution, if no more than a paragraph. The Rev. Charles T. Brooks and T. W. Higginson were among the contributors.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Missouri will exhibit at the Centennial a large and beautiful black walnut case containing a collection representing the cereals of Missouri and their products.

A model silk factory, complete in itself, to be operated by skilled workmen, illustrating the American silk manufacture in all its branches, will form one of the attractions of the Centennial.

The iron men of the Hanging Rock region are thoroughly aroused to the importance of having that region well represented at the Centennial Exhibition, and steps to that end have already been taken.

Gov. W. F. M. Arny has completed arrangements for space in the Centennial for the exhibition of the curiosities of all the Aztec races of Indians in New Mexico, and of the products, agricultural and mineral, of that territory. It is probable that Gov. Arny will be accompanied to Philadelphia by a large delegation of Indian chiefs, who will have space in the exhibition grounds for the erection of wigwams and the presentation of their methods of making blankets and other useful articles, and their stone mills for grinding grain and making bread. The presence of a band of uncivilized aborigines of America at the Centennial will form an interesting feature.

The most complete arrangements have been made for a supply of water during the Centennial Exposition at Fairmount Park, and every precaution taken against fire. A powerful pump, situated on the river bank, in close proximity to the buildings, and having a capacity of 3,000,000 gallons per day, will furnish water in ample quantities for every day use even for the possible emergency of fire. Against the latter all precautions have been taken. In the Main Building, for example, which is 1,880 feet in length by 464 in width, there are 500 lineal feet of 12 inch water mains, 960 feet of 8-inch pipes, 5,600 feet of 6-inch, and 5,700 feet of 4-inch; in all 12,760 feet of water pipe. Connected with this system of pipes are 86 fire-plugs outside the building and beside its various entrances, and 77 hydrant valve-plugs within it. No point in the building is at a greater distance than 86 feet from a plug, and usually as many as four plugs are within that distance. The supply of hose is ample, and there are, moreover, entered for exhibition, but available in case of need, the most approved fire-extinguishing apparatus, steam and chemical, of every variety. The other buildings are equally well supplied, so that a great fire is scarcely possible, while in the worst event, the distance between the buildings is such that it must be limited to the one in which it originated. It may be added that of the five principal buildings the Art Gallery is absolutely fire-proof, no wood being used in its construction; while the Main and Horticultural Buildings are constructed almost wholly of stone, brick, iron, and glass. In addition to its own works the exhibition water-pipe system is also connected with a neighboring city reservoir, which is fed by pumps capable of raising 40,000,000 gallons daily.

THE CANDLES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

There was a great Wax-light that knew well enough what it was.

"I was born in wax, and moulded in form," it said. "I give more light, and burn a longer time than any other light. My place is in the chandelier, or silver candlestick."

"That must be a charming life!" said the Tallow-candle. "I am only of tallow—only a tallow dip—but then, I comfort myself, it is always better than to be a mere taper, that is dipped only twice; I am dipped eight times, to get a decent thickness. I'm satisfied. It would, to be sure, be finer and luckier still to have been born in wax, and not in tallow; but one doesn't fix himself. They are put in great rooms, and in glass candlesticks. I live in the kitchen—but that is a good place, too; they get up all the dishes in the house there."

"There is something that is more important than eating," said the Wax-candle. "Good company, to see them shine, and shine yourself. There is a ball here this evening. Now I and all my family are soon to be sent for."

Scarcely was this said, when all the Wax-lights were sent for, but the Tallow-candle, too. The mistress took it in her delicate hand, and carried it out into the kitchen; there stood a little boy with a basket that was full of potatoes, and a few apples were in it, too. The good lady had given all these to the poor little boy.

"Here is a candle for you, my little friend," said she. "Your mother sits up and works far into the night; she can use this."

The lady's little daughter stood by her; and when she heard the words "far into the night," she said, eagerly, "And I'm going to sit up till night, too! We're going to have a ball, and I'm to wear big bows for it."

How her face shone! yes, that was happiness! no wax-light could shine like the child's eyes.

"That is a blessed thing to see," thought the Tallow-candle. "I shall never forget it, and certainly it seems to me there can be nothing more." And so the Candle was laid in the basket under the cover, and the boy took it away.

"Where am I going to now?" thought the Candle. "I shall be with poor folks, perhaps not once get a brass candlestick; but the Wax-light is stuck in silver, and sees the finest folks! What can there be more delightful than to be a light among fine folks? That's my lot, tallow, not wax."

And so the Candle came to the poor people—a widow with three children, in a little low-studded room, right over opposite the rich house.

"God bless the rich lady for what she gave!" said the mother; "it is a splendid candle; it can burn till far into the night."

And the Candle was lighted.

"Pugh!" it said. "That was a horrid match she lighted me with. One hardly offers such a thing as that to a wax-light, over at the rich house."

There also the wax-lights were lighted, and shone out over the street. The carriages rumbled up to the rich house with the guests for the ball, and the music struck up.

"Now they're beginning over there," felt the Tallow-candle, and thought of the little rich girl's bright face, that was brighter than all the wax-lights. "That sight I never shall see any more."

Then the smallest of the children in the poor house came—she was a little girl—and put her arms round her brother and sister's necks; she had something very important to tell, and must whisper it.

"We're going to have this evening—just think of it—we're going to have this evening warm potatoes!" and her face beamed with happiness. The Candle shone right at her, and saw a pleasure, a happiness, as great as was in the rich house, where the little girl said, "We are going to have a ball this evening, and I shall wear some great red bows."

"Is it such a great thing to get warm potatoes;" thought the Candle. "Well, here is just the same joy among the little things!" and it sneezed at that—that is, it sputtered—and more than that no tallow-candle could do. The table was spread, the potatoes were eaten. Oh, how good they tasted! it was a real feast; and then each got an apple besides, and the smallest child sang the little verse—

"Now thanks, dear Lord, I give to Thee,
That Thou again hast filled me. Amen!"

"Was not that pretty?" asked the little girl.

"You mustn't ask that, or say it," said the mother. "You should only thank the good God, who has filled you."

And the little children went to bed, gave a good-night kiss, and fell asleep right away; and the mother sat till far into the night, and sewed, to get a living for them and herself; and from the rich house the lights shone, and the music sounded. The stars twinkled over all the houses, over the rich and over the poor, just as clear, just as kindly.

"That was in sooth a rare evening," thought the Tallow-candle. "Do you think the wax-lights had any better time in their silver candlesticks? that I'd like to know before I am burnt out!"

And it thought of the happy children's faces, the two alike happy—the one lighted by wax-light, the other by tallow-candle.

Yes, that is the story.

EXPERIENCE BETTER THAN ADVICE.—"Just let me put that creature out of the way," cried Young Snap to Old Barker, as they passed a hedgehog lying by the roadside.

"All right!" said Barker, trotting on till he heard Snap behind him.

"Well, finished him?" he asked, trying to catch Snap's eye, which was turned away.

"Why, no," said Snap, "the brute wasn't worth the trouble."

"Ah! how's your nose?" said Barker; "I think, by the color of it, if you had made at it much longer, he would have finished you. I had a taste of a cousin of his once, and since then I have kept clear of the race. I dare say for the future you will do the same. Experience is better than advice."

THE BOY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Across a league of angry breakers,
And three of waste and drifting sand,
With curlews wading in the shadows,
And white gulls fishing off the land.

A beacon on the far horizon
Nearer a tower all worn and white,
A lighthouse half, and half a prison,
With rusted grating round the light!

Barren the shore and unfrequented,
And fretted over by the sea;
And such as these were his surroundings,
A hero, and the last of three.

Serene the early autumn morning,
Fair skies, light breezes off the shore,
When the two keepers of the beacon
Sailed from it to return no more.

* * * *

Up through the gates of the Antilles,
Coastwise the driving fog was piled,
By the fierce gusts of the tonapo,
And the great waves raged white and wild.

Three nights of storm, on the horizon
A star by turns to sea and sound—
Did mortal hand light up the beacon
And trail the glittering lamps around?

Through the rain-blurred and beaten casement,
Each following each in endless chase,
Flashed bars of light pursued by shadows
In wider circles round the place.

Flashed over sands and sound and inlet,
And leagues of sea lashed by the gale;
And past the shoal and dangerous headland,
In safety guided many a sail.

And direful wreck had been and drowning
Where wreck had never been before,
Had they but faltered in revolving,
And seemed some casual light ashore.

In the black whirlwind's sudden fury,
Just where the seas and currents crossed,
Whelmed in the merciless Atlantic,
Both keepers of the light were lost.

It was a child of years yet tender,
Kept lonely vigil in their stead,
Nor knew that in the hollow surges,
Rolled sire and grandsire stark and dead.

He thought of tales of shipwreck dreadful
On coasts sea girt and lying low,
Of wretches lost in the Atlantic,
And set the glimmering lamps arow.

Poised in its well within the tower,
A ponderous weight controls, by night,
Through multiplying wheels and pinions,
The gleam of the revolving light.

How long he toiled, a child's endeavor,
At the stiff crank to raise this weight,
While darker rolled the ocean ever,
And wind and rain assailed the grate!

How his brave soul remained undaunted,
When all his childish strength was vain,
While deeper night involved the ocean,
And wilder beat the wind and rain!

Until disjoined from wheel and pinion,
Studded with light a sparkling reel,
Round and around in bright gyrations,
He drew at last the cumbrous wheel.

'Twas when the furious tornado
On the fourth day had ceased to blow,
And there were wrecks from Corrientes
To the pine shores of Pamlico.

They came in boats across the surges,
In which the keepers twain were drowned,
And found him by the wheel still kneeling,
A poor dead child was all they found.

Give, oh, vain world, your loud applauses,
To men renowned through blood and tears,
Not thus this nobler hero perished,
And these are not among his peers!

THE LOST DIAMOND,

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

TROUBLESOME QUERIES.

When Norah in her flight reached the library door again, she encountered Barbara, who stood amazed at her white face and disordered appearance.

"What is the matter? what has happened?" she demanded, catching her by the arm; "come with me until you are more composed, you know Miss St. Croix cannot endure to see people unnecessarily agitated."

Norah suffered Barbara to draw her with her into a little sewing-room adjacent to where they stood, and to close the door behind them, but for some moments could not utter a word in explanation of her excitement.

At length, just as the waiting-woman was losing patience, she faltered out:

"I have been terribly frightened. I saw a wicked man's face glaring in on me from the library-window, and not thinking what I did I ran headlong into Miss St. Croix's room without knocking. The door was open between it and the secret room, and I saw her there with a——"

"Hush!" thundered Barbara, in a voice of startling anger; "do not utter a word further. You have indeed committed an unpardonable error, do not add to it by foolishly discovering what was never meant for you to know. Bury your ill-gained knowledge in your own breast, and never let it cross your lips. You are indeed most blamable for your boldness and folly."

Poor Norah was completely paralyzed by the severity of Barbara's reproof, and she stood distressed and pale, unable to understand the extent of her fault or its consequences.

Apparently the waiting-woman was touched by her troubled face, for in a gentler tone she bade her go to her own chamber and wait there until she heard from Miss Evelyn, promising to come to her by and by.

Norah obeyed, and, not yet recovered from her first fear, searched every crevice of the room before she locked the door for protection, and sat down beside her bed and tried to think.

Her head was in a whirl, and one minute she shuddered as she thought of the threatening face of the strange, bad man who stared at her through the window, while the next she shrank from recalling her proud benefactress kneeling in abandoned love before one who seemed to scorn her proffered tenderness. Some hours passed, it was growing late and she began to fear the loneliness of the silent room, when Barbara's tap at the door came as a welcome interruption to her gloomy thoughts. The good woman looked troubled and was unusually reticent. Norah was to come down and be as usual, she said. Miss St. Croix was not well and would not be seen in the household for a day or two, and Norah must not obtrude on nor inquire for her.

Having said this much, Barbara pursed up her mouth in an unmistakable way, that told there was no further questions to be asked; and Norah, although she was most uneasy and perplexed as to the nature and extent of her unintentional offence, did not dare to urge another query, or sue for clearer explanation.

With a new and painful weight upon her heart she descended to her usual duties and occupations, and missed Miss St. Croix's commending smile and voice more than she could tell.

The next day was the one for her music lesson, and it had been Alfred's custom to meet her, as if accidentally, at the professor's door, and accompany her home. She knew perfectly well that these walks were designed by him, and yet she could not bring herself to forego their pleasure, or question the propriety of their indulgence; but on this day her conscience was very tender, and much as she longed for his society, she felt she was untrue to the object Miss St. Croix had in view for her, and that she must soon waken from the rapturous dream she was cherishing.

Another subject of uneasiness was that Alfred often told her he had met her sister, and accompanied her some distance on her way for the sake of receiving messages from Rhoda to bring her. Since their misunderstanding at the outset, Rhoda never named him to her, and even avoided any allusion, however trivial, that suggested him, which was in itself a dangerous symptom in such a disposition as hers.

Allusion has been made to Maud Graff as one of her fellow pupils, and a growing intimacy between the two was fast cementing into friendship. The manufacturer's daughter was older than Norah, but was more yielding in character and less strongly marked by courage and decision, so that the difference in their ages was not apparent in their association. Fearing to impose on the pretty heiress by her present surroundings, Norah had frankly told her that she belonged to a much humbler sphere than she appeared to occupy, that she was in reality only the recipient of a great lady's bounty, and that her ambition was to learn so that she could in her turn teach and so become independent.

This confession only increased Maud's admiration, and ended in the bestowal of her entire confidence on Norah. She was engaged to be married to a gentleman somewhat older than herself, she said, but whom she loved with all the strength of her nature. His name was George Bland, and he was the noblest of all created men, as Norah would say when she knew him.

Oddly enough Norah already changed color at the mention of his name; she and Maud were walking away together from the professor's house arm in arm, Alfred, strange to say, having for the first time failed to be loitering at the corner as they reached it.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired Maud, noticing her friend's alteration of countenance, but not in the least guessing at its cause.

Norah had recognized in the name of her friend's lover that of the gentleman whose watch she had so strangely become possessed of, and the startling episode flashing back on her mind caused her cheeks to pale, and her voice to tremble when she spoke.

"I—I—was just thinking—that is—I mean to say——"

She stopped abruptly, and fixed her eyes on a splendid phaeton dashing by, in which sat Alfred Falconer and her sister Rhoda!

It was a vision to startle and alarm her. Rhoda, dressed with quite an attempt at flashing style, looked brilliantly handsome. Her eyes sparkled with triumph, her lips were wreathed with smiles, and her laughter rang out loud and clear as they went flying by.

Alfred's gaze was turned down the street out of which she and her companion had just passed, so that he overlooked her. Rhoda never turned in her direction at all.

"There is your cousin!" cried Maud, who had set the attentive young gentleman down for this relation in her own mind.

"He—he is not my cousin," said Norah, in a low tone. "He is a very wealthy gentleman, to whom I owe unbounded gratitude and respect——"

She broke off and stood still, gazing after the disappearing carriage with tightening breath and a sinking at the heart she could not explain.

"That is a handsome girl with him," said the artless Maud, "but she has a bold and rather coarse air, I think. I beg your pardon, for perhaps you know her, and I should not have spoken so."

"She is my sister," said Norah, in a trembling voice, and the tears gushed from her eyes. "She is a little too gay in her tastes, and sometimes thoughtless in her manners, but if you knew her you would see how good and innocent she is——"

Maud's heart was one of the tenderest and most loving; she was plunged in remorse by the result of her thoughtless speech, and strove to prove her repentance by earnest protestations, while Norah generously overcame her own feelings, and assured her it was all forgotten.

They were thus engaged when a gentleman of quiet dress and manner (good-looking, though not so young as the first glance at his slender, well-built figure would have indicated), approached and accosted Miss Graff with tender respect.

"O, George, I am so glad I met you just here; you know how much I desired to have you see my friend, Miss Eldrige, and this is she," cried Maud, with innocent pleasure, presenting her lover to Norah.

Mr. Bland had a peculiarly keen but thoughtful pair of eyes, and they no sooner rested on Norah than they assumed a serious cogitating look, as if she recalled something to his memory that he could not quite define. Her voice when she spoke seemed to increase the impression, and he listened attentively, bending on her from time to time the same intent look, until it was a relief to her when they parted near Courtland Terrace, and she gladly flew up stairs and hid herself in her own chamber.

Did Mr. Blair recognize her as the girl he had accused of theft? What was there in Rhoda's appearance to call forth so harsh a criticism from such a gentle lady as Maud Graff? How came her sister in that fine carriage dressed so gaily, and so regardless of her place and belongings; and why, oh, why did Alfred Falconer not see the wrong he was doing in thus encouraging the folly of an indiscreetly ambitious girl?

These were the questions that repeated themselves in her perturbed brain, and drove peace and rest from her pillow all that night.

She had a headache, and did not come down to tea, but studied in her own apartment, thus avoiding a meeting with Alfred until she should have conquered her agitation.

The next day she woke in a fever, and following Barbara's advice, remained in bed and allowed her to prescribe for and nurse her, being glad to have time to think over and endeavor to combat the shadows that were assuming palpable forms around her path.

At night, as Barbara bade her good-night, having assured herself that the headache had yielded to her active treatment, she whispered gravely,

"You will see Evelyn to-morrow, Norah; she will be in her place as usual, and your position here will remain unaltered except in this, that with her *the second offense is easily taken where the first has been received, and after that there is neither forgiving nor relenting; so be on your guard for the future—be on your guard!*"

"But what have I done?" cried Norah, passionately, springing up and clutching Barbara's robe as she turned to leave the room. "I know I was to blame for dashing into the room, but the man terrified me so; I could have explained it, and I will——"

"Not for your life," interrupted the woman, hastily. "Hide everything pertaining to that unfortunate scene, as you would preserve your home and hope for the future. Hush!" She raised her hand warningly, and listened, lest some one might overhear her next words—then she said in a low tone:

"Miss Evelyn has had a bitter sorrow that no mortal can help her to bear, and she is resolved that none else shall know it. She keeps a heavy curtain down before it always, and one corner of it you lifted yesterday, whether by accident or design, she will not ask. Let it drop again, and never, never try to raise it, for your own sake as well as ours. Now you understand. Good-night."

With a gesture to impose silence, Barbara retired, and the next morning found Miss St. Croix in her usual manner, though to Norah's eyes her face looked graver and colder than ever before.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DIAMONDS.

Rhoda came frequently to see her sister, but her visits were generally after work hours at the milliner's, and short in duration. Norah spent all the time she could spare from her lessons with her mother; but she saw that her benefactress was best pleased when she was most studious, and so she devoted herself to her books with all the assiduity she could, studying in her own room instead of the library, and avoiding Alfred ever since her discovery of his attentions to her sister.

He had seemed startled and pained by her change of manner towards him, and had determinedly placed himself in her way with the evident object of gaining an explanation; but she as resolutely avoided him, and Barbara silently aided her in maintaining this estrangement, though she made no allusion to it in any way.

When Miss Evelyn was in the library, the waiting woman signified to her to come down in some quiet way, and she instantly obeyed, for Barbara had whispered in her ear:

"Don't appear to avoid Miss St. Croix; go into her presence when ever you can, and above all seem to be just as you used to be."

One day while Rhoda was there, and Barbara sat mending some lace in the window seat, Miss Evelyn came in with a jewel case in her hand, and opening it, spread its contents on the table before the astonished girls.

They were large and singularly brilliant diamonds, a necklace, an aigrette for the hair, earrings, a breast pin, and ring, all in the quaintest setting of the most curious device.

To Norah these gems seemed precious from their age and family association, for Miss Evelyn said they had been worn by her grandmother when a bride; but to Rhoda, who had a passion for jewelry and fine things of all kinds, they were treasures that she sighed to possess for her own personal adornment.

Miss Evelyn looked at them carelessly for a few moments as she called Barbara to her side, and gave her directions for cleaning them with rouge, and added, as she turned away,

"They will all be Alfred's some day, and he must seek a bride with raven hair; none other should wear such diamonds."

Rhoda's face crimsoned, and her whole form thrilled with excitement. O how she longed to snatch them up and claim them for her own. Was not her hair black and glossy as yet, and did not the mirror over the library mantel reflect her face as handsome and brilliant as any born lady's could be!

She glanced at Norah's drooping brow, and saw that she averted her face to hide the changeful color of her delicate cheek.

"She is jealous because she is not a brunette," thought Rhoda, exultantly. She had an innate sense of her sister's superiority, and an opportunity to assert herself was very tempting to the foolish girl. When Miss Evelyn left the room she took the necklace up and tried it on before the glass—and finding Barbara's attention otherwise engaged, she even proceeded to fasten the rings in her ears, and place the aigrette amongst her shining bands of hair.

Norah looked frightened at her temerity, and made an entreating gesture for her to desist; but she merely tossed her head, and kept on admiring the glitter of the gems, and their effect on her own person.

"Pray do put them off, dear Rhoda," implored her sister; "it is a liberty to make use of such things so freely, besides I should really be afraid to meddle with anything so valuable, lest something might happen to them while in my hands."

Barbara looked round frowningly.

"Take your sister's advice, Miss, and you will find it safest," she said shortly.

Rhoda's only reply was an additional assumption of loftiness; but presently she loosened the jewels from her neck and ears, and replaced them in their case.

"It is late, and I must be going; shall I tell mother to expect you to-morrow, Norah." She had taken up her hat and coat when her sister spied the aigrette still in her hair, and, springing up in alarm, detached it hastily. "There, I told you, you should not touch them," she cried in a trembling voice. "O, Rhoda, how can you be so thoughtless and daring?"

Rhoda laughed, and then turned angry.

"You have pulled down my braids," she said, snappishly; "I wish you would be a little less violent in your movements, Norah; any one would have thought you were crazy, the way you jumped at me."

At that moment a summons came to the door requiring Barbara to go immediately to her mistress. Something had happened; there was a telegram from the South where old Dr. Falconer's elder brother lived, and the servant begged the waiting woman to make haste, as Miss St. Croix seemed to be in trouble.

Barbara obeyed at once, and the sisters were left alone together.

"Dr. Falconer's brother," exclaimed Rhoda. "I did not know he had one; did you, Norah?"

"No," said her sister, in a low voice; "but that is no wonder. Why should we know the affairs of those so far above us; it is our business to do our duty, and try not to forget ourselves. Pray tell me something about Madame Lafoure's, and how well you are succeeding at millinery. I am sure you make your own hats very stylishly, and——"

"Yes; that's all I care to know about it," returned Rhoda, loftily. "I hate Madame Lafoure and the whole concern, and I don't want to be forever at the order of a cross old forewoman, who makes a fuss if a girl is a half hour late, or takes a holiday once a month."

"There," said Norah, putting away her books, "my lessons are finished for to-night, and I will be glad to walk home with you. I want to talk to you, Rhoda, dear; I am beginning to think we should never have separated, you have got such strange ideas since we used to be together, and it makes me most unhappy to hear you say the things you do."

She went towards the door, saying that she would run up to her room for her hat and coat and return very soon, but Rhoda detained her a moment or two, while she gave vent to her views on the social question.

"You say I have strange ideas, Norah, but they only seem strange because that you are a meek little goose that you think none but the rich have any rights. If you had any spirit you would feel as I do, and be as ready to take the best of everything as any one else. What's the difference between me and any lady that rolls in her carriage and wears silks and velvets? Nothing in the world but money, and I'm bound to have money, so that I can be as good as the best."

"Oh, Rhoda, what dangerous words are these? where will such language end?" cried Norah, shocked at her sister's bold, defiant manner.

Rhoda flung herself on an ottoman.

"Go get your hat and things, and I'll tell you where I mean to end—I mean to be a lady, and I'll gain my point by any means I can. Don't look horror-struck, Norah; I am all right, never fear for me."

But Norah did fear.

She ran up and found her hat, and as she came down saw that Barbara was very busy over an open portmanteau that she appeared to be packing, in the hall near Alfred's room. She did not speak or look up as Norah passed, and so the sisters went away together, arm in arm, walking slowly, to give Norah an opportunity to reason with Rhoda on her questionable ambition, and the boldness of her speech.

She soon saw that her natural vanity and love of display had been nurtured into a sudden and pernicious growth, partly by Rhoda's bad associates at the milliner's, and partly by the circumstances surrounding her. She confessed to Norah that she had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman whom she called Captain Dalton, who was very rich, though not very handsome—but who she evidently held in reserve in case Dr. Falconer failed to prove a devoted lover.

"Of course, he may be overcome by his aunt's opposition to me," she said, "and if he does give me up, I can fall back on my other admirer then."

"Oh, Rhoda, how can you talk in such a way?" urged Norah. "You used to be so innocent and good, and now I scarcely realize that you can be the same."

Rhoda laughed.

"I used to be a fool, and think if we only could get enough to eat, it was all we could desire," she retorted, gaily, "but one day, when I first went to Madame Lafoure's, it rained very hard, and a gentleman came up and offered me his umbrella. I had noticed him following me, and I was such a silly thing then that I blushed and was frightened, but he by and by commenced to talk about my beauty, and what a girl with such eyes ought to be able to do with them. So I got at ease very soon, and began to see that I would be a fool not to listen and learn. He is Captain Dalton, and I know he is rich, though he is very mysterious and afraid of being seen by people when we walk together. I haven't gone out much with him for fear of mother's making a fuss; besides I like Dr. Falconer best."

Perfectly horrified at the revelation of her sister's depth of coquetry, and feeling a thrill of bitter aversion towards the man whose influence over her had developed such a character in the once modest girl, Norah hastened to interrupt her, and implored her to take a different view of the future.

"As soon as I know enough to teach, I will beg Miss St. Croix to let me go home, and we will live together again," she said. "You can work at your trade, and I can give lessons. Oh, just think what a happy household we can make, and how glad and contented dear mother will be——"

"Don't be nonsensical, Norah," exclaimed the other, impatiently. "If any one heard you they'd suppose you were persuading me to abandon some wretched, disgraceful life, instead of trying to elevate my family, as I really am. To prove it to you, I intend to introduce you to Captain Dalton; he is very much interested in you, I am sure, and has asked me dozens of questions as to where you live, and all that. He is not young nor handsome like, like some one else we know, but he is really rich and very generous. There, there he is at this very moment crossing the street, he sees us, and is coming this way—no, he turns; why that is odd—I supposed he would be very eager to be introduced to the young lady he professed such a deep interest in."

Nora clutched her sister's arm and clung to it convulsively. The man she had indicated, and who passed directly beneath a lamp on the other side of the way, was none other than he who had twice before crossed her path. The short, thick set man with the malignant eyes, though he now wore the garb of a gentleman, and was flashily adorned with jewelry, was the one her sister had allowed to pervert her mind with evil thoughts, to gain her confidence, and direct her actions!

"Good heavens, Rhoda! that man is a vile and cruel villain!" she gasped. "It was he who tried to tempt me to steal a shawl the day we were nearest starving to death, and he climbed on the balcony at Miss St. Croix's and frightened me terribly by glaring at me."

"Oh, how absurd!" screamed Rhoda; "he is rolling in wealth, and only returned from Europe during the last few months. Norah, you are crazy to fancy such a thing."

They were soon in their own entry, for Norah hurried forward in her alarm. Mrs. Eldrige's hand was about to open the sitting-room door, Norah caught her sister in her arms.

"Promise me, for the love of heaven, that you will not see this man again," she entreated, in a whisper. "I can prove to you that he is wicked, that he seeks your harm and mine. Don't let us alarm mother, but promise me, I implore you."

"I'll say anything you will, if you let me go," cried Rhoda, struggling, and at that moment Mrs. Eldrige unclosed the door.

As she went home in haste and fear that night, looking behind her as she hurried along, for fear of that wickee face glaring at her out of the dackness, Nora wept silently as she thought of the subtle spell the wretch had cast about her sister's mind, and not knowing how to overcome it without alarming her mother, and perhaps making Rhoda her enemy by interfering with her plans and fancies, her heart ached beneath its load of perplexity and care.

She had reached the corner of Courtland Terrace, and was just about to mount the wider stone steps leading to Miss St. Croix's door, when a shabby, crouching figure started up out of a dark corner of the ornamental railing, and caught at her dress to stay her as she hurried by.

CHAPTER XV.

HORROR!

"It's me," said a low voice, "Moll Patchell, you know, and I ain't got a minute to spare. I saw you go out, but there was a strange gal with you, so I sat down here to wait till you'd come back, and you've been a precious long time coming."

Norah murmured her regret, and being already much agitated, besought Moll in a trembling voice to tell her what she wished to say to her.

"I have long had a little package for you, Molly—some money and things I have saved to give you, but I could never make you wait."

"I don't want nothing," interrupted Moll, sharply. "I don't take things from people that I like—I beg from them I don't know nor care for. But I did'nt wait here to talk of such things. It was to warn you about them two, Matt, and the gent that pays him for running you down. The gent blowed Matt up for being so long about it, and he said it had to be done slow and sure. I listened last night, and I heard so much; and then Matt said he'd found out the way to ruin you, and only waited for a chance, which the gent said must come very soon, for he was tired waiting. Then Matt told him it should come right away, and the voice he said it in frightened me, it sounded so hard and cruel."

Norah stood, with clasped hands and a troubled face, listening to the eager whispers in which the beggar confided this.

"Does this man change his appearance—this one you call Matt?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; he's taken to flash clothes lately, and Mother Webb—her that keeps the slums—has lent him all her chains and rings and things."

Norah groaned.

"Yes, yes, he is indeed the wretch who has polluted Rhoda's mind," she thought. "What mystery is this! Why should this miscreant pursue me, and why should he spread his venom over my darling sister's way!"

"You know I told you I didn't know why them two was set against you," continued Moll. "Well, I don't know yet, quite, but I've found out that they are afraid of a gent who lives in your house. Matt said last night he'd have had you nabbed long ago, only *he* was in the way, and he couldn't put a finger on you without *the young doctor*—that was what he called him—being on his guard to protect you. But it seems now they have got up some trick to carry him out of the way and leave the coast clear, and so I've hung around all day long to warn you. Don't press your hands and bite your lips, Miss, but just you run for it—*get off quick, and on the sly, to some out of the way place, and keep hid there till I can discover why they want to nab you.* That's your only chance with fellows like Matt Brice, and so I tell you."

"I must tell this to Miss St. Croix," said Norah, drawing a long breath, "come what will of it. I dare no longer keep it to myself."

Moll leant forward as if about to add something to her communication, when a stealthy footstep near by startled her, and, with her usual gesture of secrecy, she caught up her inseparable basket and fled, while Norah lost no time in entering the house. In her then frightened state even the protection of the four walls was something to give a sense of safety.

The first person she met as she ascended the staircase was a lad whom Alfred employed as groom, and who held a book in his hand—a French dictionary that she and Alfred used in their lessons.

"The young doctor bade me give you this," he said. "He started nearly an hour ago for the South, and he particularly wished you to have this book."

She caught the balustrade and clung to it. Gone! gone without a word!

Her heart sank with a desolate pang that nothing else had inflicted. She had been terrified, anxious, and full of doubt and distress, but now she was forsaken, and the whole world seemed suddenly to grow dark and gloomy, while the last ray of hope and joy went out.

She was hurrying up to her own room, when the voice of one of the maids reached her ear, inquiring for the key of the library.

She turned back and produced it from her pocket. Miss St. Croix's diamonds were lying there, and when she left the room she had locked it for security.

It was the diamonds the maid had come for, so Norah, having opened the door, closed the case and carried them herself to Barbara, who lingered talking to her mistress at her chamber door.

"I will fasten them in the fireproof with the silver for to-night," said the waiting-woman, receiving them from Norah's hand. "I was so startled at the telegram, and the hurry of getting Mr. Alfred ready, that I forgot all about them, which was very wrong. Thank

you, my dear, for being more thoughtful than I was."

"How is Miss Evelyn?" Norah asked, fearful of approaching the eccentric lady with her strange confidence, and finding her in no mood to receive it—and yet too much alarmed by what she had just heard from Molly to be able to keep her secret any longer to herself.

"She is tired and out of spirits; we must not disturb her further to-night," answered Barbara, after an inquiring glance directed towards her mistress.

She stood on the threshold with the knob of the partially closed door in her hand, and seemed, by her tone and manner, to seek an interview for Norah with her lady.

Whatever the nature of the look she received in return from Miss St. Croix it was conclusive. She shook her head, closed the door, and said, softly:

"Not now, my dear, it would not be safe to try and see her now. She has been much agitated to-night, and needs repose. To-morrow or next day may bring a more promising opportunity. Good-night."

There was much in the expression of her face as she turned it towards Norah, and her voice and manner were full of kindness. She seemed to enjoin patience and imply hope for the future. Norah felt that she was her friend, and that it was for her own sake that the waiting woman had deplored the unfortunate adventure that had brought her in contact with Miss St. Croix's guarded secret.

"Shall I confide in her about this dreadful man who threatens me?" thought the distracted girl, and her face bespoke her perturbation and distress.

Barbara saw it plainly, but made no effort to invite her confidence or understand its nature. She was naturally most incurious, and a hater of all prying, meddlesome persons. She set down Norah's disturbance of feeling in her own mind as due wholly to the unhappy incident of the past week, and was persuaded that all conversation on such a subject was dangerous, therefore she avoided all possible approach to it, and with a hurried pressure of Norah's hand, and an entreaty to her to keep a close mouth and wait for a better understanding, she parted from her abruptly, and closed her own door.

What could the poor girl do? She was divided between sorrow and alarm, and while she was eager for solitude to indulge her grief, she yet feared it with the threat of the ruffianly Matt hanging over her head.

She entered her chamber cautiously and laid down the book she had carried with her. Making a light she searched it scrupulously, and satisfied herself that there was no one concealed in it. Then she locked the door, and drawing the heavy dressing table against it, formed a barricade in case of attack.

She went to her window and looked down into the gas lit street; not a figure was in sight, all empty, silent and deserted! Could Moll be mistaken? was it not far easier to believe so than to explain the object of such an inexplicable persecution? And yet there was too much that could not be otherwise accounted for in the knowledge the child had gained by listening, and the appearance of the villain under an assumed character in companionship with Rhoda. Yes, yes! terrible as was the thought, she was pursued by a malignant fiend with some secret object, and to compass her ruin, even poor Rhoda had been brought under the baneful influence of her mysterious foe.

Matt Brice! She repeated the name over and over again to herself, but though the sound was full of vague and painful terror, she could gain no clue to its meaning, recall no association however remote with its owner. All was mystery.

He had spoken of Alfred as her protector, and the warm blood came to her chilled lips at the thought. But might not he too be in danger through this foul plot, might not his ear have been poisoned against her by the wretch so as to estrange her from his care and guardianship. He had left her without a word of kindness or a farewell token. Oh, how her poor young heart ached at the knowledge of such unlooked-for coldness, such altered conduct.

One short week ago his eyes had never met hers without betraying the story that seemed to tremble on his lips.

If for a moment his hand touched hers, she felt the electric thrill that shook her frame, and hid her face lest it should betray the happiness of being loved too plainly.

Now they were severed, and doubt and silence lay like an hourly widening abyss between them. She bowed her head and wept, and in her loneliness and weakness, half yielding to Moll Patchel's counsel to fly and hide herself from pursuit until the mystery surrounding her should be solved, she sprang up and gathering a few necessaries into a bundle had her hand upon the lock of her door, when her better judgment returned, and she saw how such a course would tell against her in Miss St. Croix's opinion, and so resolved to wait and meet the worst.

Without again turning the key she flung herself on her bed, and fatigue and want of rest triumphing over every other feeling, she fell asleep as she lay.

The warm sun was shining on her brightly when she opened her eyes. It was very late, and Barbara stood in the middle of the room, looking at her as she had never looked before.

"Norah, do not leave your room until you are sent for to come down to the library. Miss St. Croix will be there waiting to see you," she said, in a painfully constrained tone.

Norah started up and stood dazed and bewildered, rubbing her eyes and pushing back her tossed and falling curls. Her sleep had been so heavy that she felt confused rather than refreshed, and the events of the previous night crowded dimly to her mind, distressing her sinking heart by the weight of their returning perplexities.

Barbara's cold, stern look took in her disordered dress, the small bundle lying beside her on the bed, her own dejected and almost lividly white face, but she made no comment, and only repeated Miss St. Croix's summons to the library in a still more cold and severe tone.

"Is there anything wrong, Barbara?" faltered Norah, shuddering. "I am so cold; I fell asleep suddenly, and did not go regularly to bed it seems."

"My mistress bade me bring that message to you," returned Barbara, coldly, "so you see I cannot go without you."

Norah gazed in wonder at the waiting woman, and then, without another word, prepared by laving her face and brushing back her hair, to wait the summons. It did not come for hours. She had eaten the breakfast sent up to her, and sat long in expectancy, when at last Barbara reappeared.

Not a word was spoken between them; the shadow of an indefinable dread weighed down the poor girl's spirit, and some unutterable trouble sealed the woman's white lips.

They entered the library together, and found Miss St. Croix seated at an open desk there.

The diamonds were spread before her, and her face was actually ghastly with a sickening horror that seemed to overspread it.

She pointed to the jewels, looked towards but not at Norah as she came in, and said:

"So you are like the rest, and couldn't keep true and honest even when it was to your advantage to do so. I knew it would end thus, but I wasn't prepared for it so soon, nor had I calculated how hard 'twould be to bear it." She shuddered all over convulsively, and said, in a low, gasping tone:

"It is horrible; I will never risk it again; it is unendurable, I cannot bear it!"

She spread out her hands with a repelling motion. Norah had clasped her's convulsively, and made as though she would fling herself at her feet.

"Stand back!" she cried, "stand back; do not come near me. Be bold, callous, abusive, anything but hypocritical, that I cannot bear!"

"What is it—tell me of what you accuse me?" cried Norah, her white lips parted imploringly, and her eyes starry in wordless terror. "I went to your room in fright, but though I confess myself guilty of thoughtless rudeness in rushing in without waiting to gain permission, I never dreamed of thrusting myself into your secret. I implore your pardon—I——"

"Hold!" cried Miss St. Croix. "Do not dare to utter one word in allusion to that act. It is buried, and for your own safety I warn you do not resurrect it. I forgave you once, and you have sinned again, this time in the blood-red color of crime. Girl, you are a shameless thief?"

At these harsh words, Norah, who had flung herself entreatingly forward, sprang to her feet as if she had received a pistol shot.

Every vestige of color fled from her face, her form grew rigid, and her eyes alone seemed to hold life and consciousness in their intense and luminous gaze as they fastened themselves wildly on her accuser's face.

"Left alone with those washy baubles last night," continued the lady, "whilst the household were plunged in excitement and alarm at the sudden summons received to my nephew's death-bed, you listened to the tempter's voice, and took the one you could most easily loosen from its setting, and most safely sell to an unscrupulous dealer. See, the aigrette is gone, and had you been a little more cunning you would have managed its theft less clumsily."

There was an awful silence. Nothing seemed to live in the room but the eyes of Miss St. Croix's, turned with a soul-sick glance, half shrinking half curious, upon her victim.

Barbara's were full of an imploring agony, that looked from one to another in speechless pain.

"Does she deny it?"

It was the lady who spoke; her voice sounded hoarsely, and she shaded her face with her hands until it dropped forward almost on a level with the desk before her.

Barbara's eyes echoed the question, and Norah, with one terrified thought of Rhoda, and what she had seen with her sister and the diamonds—shook her head.

"Thank God, she has not lost shame," said the lady, in a hoarse whisper.

The next moment Norah had fallen insensible at their feet, and Miss St. Croix and Barbara, with one impulse, as they looked on her marble face and blankly staring eyes, uttered the cry:

"Is she dead?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AQUARIUM IN LONDON.

The buildings for the new aquarium in Westminster are rapidly progressing. The dimensions of the aquarium will be about 600 feet long by 240 feet in depth at the widest part. The building will be in the Classical style, constructed of red brick and Portland stone, with an arched roof of glass. It will be two stories in height, and will contain in the basement a central tank of salt and fresh water, holding 600,000 gallons; this will be kept in constant motion and made to pass continually through a series of smaller tanks, by the action of a steam-engine destined to work both day and night. It is expected that by the incessant action of machinery, the salt water—which in the first instance will have to be carried to Westminster in small tanks by railway and barge—will be kept fresh for ten years, even if not renewed by additional supplies from time to time. It is stated as a matter of fact and experience that the salt water in the tanks of the aquarium at Hamburg is found to be quite pure at the end of twelve or thirteen years. On the ground floor at the eastern end will be a large vestibule or ante-chamber, to be called "the front room," leading to the central hall or promenade. It will contain a series of table-tanks to hold the smaller fish, the zoophytes, sea-anemones, etc. In the promenade, which will be 475 feet long, will be ranged seats for visitors, groups of statuary, and two large fountains. On the north side of the hall will be an organ and a large orchestra, 60 feet deep, capable of containing a thousand performers. At the western end will be a smaller concert-hall, suitable for musical entertainments of a more select kind. It may be added that the entire roof will be of glass, arched like that of the Crystal Palace, but constructed on a plan quite different from the "ridge and furrow" system of Sir Joseph Paxton, no putty or other composition being used to cement it. Suggestions have been made that the new "toughened glass" should be applied to this purpose, but there is no possibility of the required quantity being made. In connection with the main building there will be rooms for private concerts and for the delivery of popular lectures on matters relating to science and art, and to other subjects of general interest. The ceremony of laying the first stone is to take place almost immediately, and the building is expected to be finished by the end of the year.

WISE MEN mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy with madness.

THE WAY IT WAS SPELT AT LAST.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

"'Re-cip-ro-cate?'"

A strong, ringing, manly voice pronounced the word, and a pair of calm, serious, blue eyes indicated by their glance to whom it was addressed.

"R-e, re, c-i-p, cip, recip, r-o, ro, recipro, c-a-t-e, cate, reciprocate;" came the ready response, in a clear, sweet treble, and two roguish black eyes looked straight and fair into the blue ones. The roguishness was in abeyance now, and business only—a total unconsciousness of everything but the matter in hand, as though spelling were the only really legitimate occupation in life—shone from the aforesaid jetty orbs.

But the instant the word was finished, almost before the music of the clear enunciation had quite died away, a meaning glance, with a spice of triumph in it, shot from the blue eyes into the black ones, causing them to drop suddenly, and then as suddenly raise again with quite an indignant "snap," while the smooth oval cheeks beneath them crimsoned violently, the straight, dark brows above contracted into a half frown, and the delicate though rather saucy mouth, which helped to make up the attractions of a coquettish little face, drew itself into a defiant pout.

The blue eyes took no notice of the confusion they had occasioned, however, but were scanning other faces, as the ringing voice sent out word after word, back and forth across the spacious hall; and, gradually as the interest increased, the black eyes grew clear and business-like again. Soon the blue ones confronted them again, and

"'Ac-cept-able!'" is the challenging word.

Another quick flushing of the oval cheeks and knitting of the dark brows; and there was suppressed annoyance in the fresh young voice, as, after a momentary hesitation,

"A-c, ac," it began, and then paused, the eyes meanwhile looking down to escape the steady inquiring gaze of the blue eyes; then, as if with a sudden resolve, it went hurriedly on, "c-e-p, cep, t-i-b"—a pause again, and another dash forward, "c-e-p-t-e-b-l—" a quick stop, and then, suddenly, "a-b-l-e," and the word was spelled but not pronounced; and again the blue eyes triumphed, and the saucy mouth pouted, and—"And now isn't it about time to explain this rigmarole about black eyes and blue eyes, and flashing and flushing, and like nonsense?" I think I hear you all saying; so I will begin, as I might have done at first, and tell you that Addie Flemming was a sad little flirt, and that Neal Preston, the teacher of the village school, was sadly in love with her.

Now, I am not committing the least breach of friendship, or of confidence, or anything of the kind, in saying that Addie was a flirt, for everybody knew it, and none better than Neal.

I said everybody, but I was wrong; for Addie, herself, did not know it. She declared, over and over again, that she was "no such thing!" and got terribly indignant about it, many times. It was not her fault, she said, that people ran after her (she said *people*, meaning the young men, of course); she didn't ask them to do it; and she didn't want them, either; but she didn't know as it was her duty to tell them so, before they asked her leave. She wondered if she was expected to go about with a placard upon her forehead, warning people against asking her to marry them? Or, what would be nearly the same thing, ought she to make herself so disagreeable in looks and manners that everybody would hate and shun her!

And to think of it, it doesn't seem hardly fair to blame her for being sweet and lively and fascinating, when we all know that that is just what every woman would like to be, above all things. She said she only tried to treat every one alike—one as well as another; and it just made her wretched to have them come mooning about, and wanting her to marry them. As if she wanted to marry anybody, before she was thirty, at the least; and she was hardly eighteen yet. She only wished they could all be sensible, and willing to have a good time altogether, without wanting to go and spoil all the fun by getting married.

So she danced and laughed and flirted with all her numerous worshipers, and when one of them did dare to put his fate

"To the touch,
To lose or win at all,"

she made wide eyes, and "couldn't understand," or "didn't believe he realized what dreadful things he was saying," or, "he surely must be joking, and she hoped he was, for she for one could not talk seriously upon such a poky subject as marriage;" or, she would contrive to evade the point in some other way, so that, unless the smitten one was uncommonly persistent and obstinate, he was fain to let the matter rest where it was; often, however, with the purpose in his mind of taking it up again at some future time.

Neal Preston was both persistent and obstinate; and, more than that, he was pretty sure in his own mind that he was far from being an object of indifference to her; and so, when he "put his fate to the touch," she found her favorite tactics not nearly as successful as they had hitherto proved in such cases.

"Addie Flemming," said Neal—you see his schoolmaster manner had become so habitual to him, that he unconsciously retained it, even in his courtship—"Addie Flemming, listen to me now, and be serious. I have told you that I love you, and I want an answer. I cannot allow myself to be trifled with. You surely can tell me whether you reciprocate my feelings or not."

"Re-cip-ro-cate!" exclaimed Addie, in well-simulated dismay. "Dear me! What a long, hard word! Indeed, I'm sure I can't spell it. I may as well 'go down' at once."

I should have told you before, perhaps, and so I'll do it right away, that the spelling malady was at its height in the village just then, and Addie was one of the very worst cases on the list of the infected. She, in fact, wore the champion's belt as speller, notwithstanding there were several who contested the honor with her pretty closely, and she had made many confident boasts that she could and would retain it, in spite of them all.

"I'm a good deal out of practice now," she went on, demurely; "please, won't you try me on some easier word, first?"

Neal was very much in earnest, himself, and not at all disposed to humor her in her trifling mood. He believed that she more than half loved him, then, and his purpose was to force the acknowledgment from her, in some way, which he felt would be a step, at least, towards winning her wholly.

"Addie, be serious, won't you?" said he. "I don't ask you to bind yourself by any promise; I merely wish to know how you regard me. Am I—are my attentions—is my company acceptable to you? That, certainly, is not a difficult question to answer."

"What was the word, please?" Addie asked, peering up into his face with a look of perplexed inquiry. "Ac-cep-perble? Oh, that's another of your long, hard words! I must get my Webster and go right to studying. I must consume the 'midnight oil' over it, or I shall lose my belt, sure; and what would life be worth to me then? Ac-cep—how was it? Please pronounce it again, won't you?"

"Addie," said Neal, with a sudden vehemence, "I *love* you! *Love* is the word! *That* is easy. Spell that, and say that you do love me a little, now, and that you will try to love me wholly by and by."

There was a quick dropping of the roguish black eyes, a sudden crimsoning of the fair cheeks, a faint quiver of the rosy mouth; but this was only momentary; the spirit of mischief struggled back to the front without delay, and putting on a look of exaggerated seriousness, Addie replied:

"Now, Mr. Preston, that is the very worst word you could have hit upon. Not that it is long, to be sure, but there are other things about it which make it so. You see, I always get to studying whether it has an 'o' with the sound of 'u,' or a 'u' with the sound of 'o.' And if you hesitate you're lost, you know. You're sure to go wrong. Besides, I'm never quite sure about that silent final 'e'—whether it wants it or not. If it's spelt with an 'o,' I suppose it does, doesn't it? Oh! I do get so disgusted with our barbarous way of spelling! How much nicer and more sensible it is to spell phonetically. I wonder that you teachers and men of learning don't give more of your attention to the subject of phonetics. You might accomplish wonders, if you would all unite in the matter; and you would be real benefactors to the race, too."

Thus she rattled on for some time, Neal, in the meantime, silently regarding her with an air of mingled disappointment, amusement and admiration, in which appeared, also, a shade of perplexity as to what should be his next move in this game of cross-purposes; when it suddenly occurred to him that the next spelling match was to take place in a few days, at which he had been appointed to pronounce, or "give out," the words. "Discretion is the better part of valor," thought he, "in love as well as in war. The spelling match shall be my opportunity, and till then I will wait."

So he feigned sulkiness awhile, and then abruptly bade Addie good-night, who, we are bound to believe, felt "wretched" as usual.

So now it is presumed that you understand all that rigmarole before mentioned.

To say that Neal was just a little nervous and anxious when he took his station, book in hand, between the two rows of eager contestants, on the evening of the spelling match, would be saying what was quite true, for he was both. He was not at all sure that Addie, when she should discover the snare into which he hoped to lead her, would not forfeit her championship, dear as it was to her, by "missing," rather than be outmanœuvred in her own game. Hence, when two of the significant words—significant only to themselves—were at last disposed of, so satisfactorily to himself, his courage and spirits rose in a wonderful degree, and he proceeded with his evening's duty with a great deal more zest and animation than was at all usual with him. It was not likely, he thought, that Addie would make any difficulty about the single remaining word.

All around the large hall—there were fifty or more participants in the pastime—some half dozen times or more the words had "blossomed out from lip to lip," when Neal paused, turned a leaf, and dropped down into simple words of one syllable, in the midst of which it came Addie's turn.

"Love?" pronounced Neal, with the most perfect indifference, and without lifting his eyes from the page.

"Spell it! quick, quick!" whispered Addie to her next neighbor, a great good-natured boy, who would have stood upon his head, then and there, without the least hesitation, if she had asked him to do so, and he complied on the instant. A dozen hands were raised in remonstrance, immediately; but Addie's object was gained—that was all she cared for—that word would not trouble her again; and so the black eyes shot forth a gleam of triumph this time, and it was Neal's face that flushed—just a quick flush of annoyance, which was gone again almost instantly—and he said, with a smile:

"Well, 'Affection,' then. Since you lost your word, Miss Flemming, I will give you another of a like meaning, to make all fair."

A little laugh followed this; and Addie seized the opportunity and spelled the word; doing it so quickly, that, in the confusion, it was rather unintelligible.

"Again, will you, please?" said Neal, with the utmost politeness.

Addie first frowned and pouted, then shut her teeth tightly together, half determined to rebel (she said afterward, that she never came so near crying without doing so, in her life before), then, reflecting that she was attracting more notice than was quite pleasant, she coughed, and hemmed, and, while she studied closely some marks upon the desk before her, she repeated over the letters of the word very distinctly, but with all the indifference she could command. She even tried to end it off with a yawn, but acknowledged to herself, that she was hardly successful. Neal waited a moment, apparently for her to pronounce the word; but she kept her eyes fastened upon the desk, as though unconscious that anything further was expected of her, so that the triumph of the blue eyes was quite lost upon her this time.

"I must congratulate you upon your rapid improvement in spelling," said Neal to Addie, as they walked home together in the moonlight after the "spell" was over. For Neal did walk home with her, although she had mentally declared that he was "just as mean as he could be;" and that she "would never speak to him again, never, so there!" and a multitude of other vows and wise reflections, equally reasonable, and quite as likely to be remembered.

"I hardly dared hope you would master those long, hard words, in so short a time," Neal continued. "You must have studied with praiseworthy diligence, haven't you?"

Now Addie had always said, that when she did "give in," she should "give in" all at once, she knew she should, like the "Deacon's One Hoss Shay;" and she had been thinking for the last few minutes, or, ever since Neal drew her hand through his arm upon the Hall steps, with such an air of proprietorship—which she felt she ought to resent, but, somehow, couldn't—that possibly the time for "giving in" had come. She was sure it had, now—"she felt it in her bones," so she said, in reply—and she thought she would say it quite bravely, just as she would make any ordinary remark.

"Well, no; I've not applied myself very closely to study; but I have had one advantage, I suppose, which I ought to give due credit to. I have always been told, and my own experience assures me that it is true, that pupils will make much greater progress in any branch of study, when——" she hesitated.

"When what?" Neal asked; and he was obliged to bend his head quite down to hers to hear the remainder of her answer, the words were so low; and finally, before he could clearly make it all out, he was forced to put his hand under her chin and raise her face so that her lips were quite close to his own, and then he understood her to say:

"Why, when they love their teacher very much."

Now shall I insult the sagacity and experience of you all, by continuing, when every one of you can tell perfectly well how the matter ended? I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall stop right here.

A ROMANCE OF LACE WEAVING.

Some one tells this charming love story in regard to the introduction of flue lace-weaving into Brussels: A poor young girl named Gertrude was dying for love of a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady, then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins, and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitress disappeared. The price of the maiden's lace soon made her rich, on account of its valuable patterns, and she was able to marry the object of her love. Many years after, while living in luxury, with her numerous family about her, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her comfortable house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and bobbin in her hands. Going from cottage to cottage, she offered to teach the art she had so mysteriously learned. Yet after all it may be doubted whether the art introduced by the mysterious stranger and her pupil has proved a blessing to their countrywomen. True, it has saved them from starving, but a compassionate male traveler of our acquaintance says that, after seeing their strained eyes, intense looks, and pinched features, he regards lace-weaving as a curse rather than a blessing, and does not envy the heart of the woman who, having seen and known as he has, can consent to wear lace or in any way to encourage its manufacture.

SWITZERLAND in America is not only to be found in the Rocky Mountains where huge peaks lift their snow-capped heads up to heaven, but also in Washington Territory and Oregon, where, at a considerable distance back from the Pacific coast, the Cascade mountains rear themselves aloft. The snow line is here necessarily much lower than in California, which is ten degrees further south. At six thousand feet Mount Ranier is striped with huge snow patches, and at ten thousand we are in the presence of perpetual ice and snow. Glaciers of wide extent are found on a dozen mountains. The principal peaks in the range in Oregon are Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, The Three Sisters, Diamond Peak, Mount Thielsen, Mount Scott, and another peak on the opposite, or east, side of Crate Lake, known by several local names, but not yet designated on the maps, and Mount Pitt, the southernmost of all. All have long slopes of snow; of them the lowest being about 9,000 feet high, and the highest (Mount Hood) 13,000. Two of them deserve special mention. Mount Thielsen, 9,250 feet, is named after an excellent engineer long resident in the State and connected with many of its works of improvement, who first made the difficult ascent to its summit. It presents the appearance of an immense pinnacle rock, at the very summit, thrust some 600 feet into the air, resembling a vast index-finger. The pinnacle is so sharp that the snow does not lodge, although the base for nearly 3,000 feet down is robed in white.

HOPE EVER.—To obtain happiness is the goal of existence. This leads us on to the discipline which is the true kernel. We are so restless that we must plan a little more than we can execute. It is imperative, too, that we have occupation—an abiding interest in others. We are apt to hunger for that which we have not; there is ever something unanswered in our strong desires; a yearning, an upward glance. There is a shivering of the soul which affrights us, but it does not last. We are never morally nor physically dead; we are in straits—under a cloud; but, desperate as our condition may be, it is not beyond the pale of remedy. Emancipation is ever possible, and what we cannot do for ourselves lies in the keeping of those subtle enough to reach us. If we fail to recover an erect posture and drop our shell, there is yet an egress, and kind assistants to lead us forward. The worst case is not unapproachable, therefore let us take heart and hope.

THE world never keeps faith with the heart that trusts it. Its promises of happiness are perpetually broken. Take it for what it is worth, and set your affections on what is worth more.

WISDOM prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for that day when it comes.

AGRICULTURAL.

CATTLE AND PHOSPHATE OF LIME.—Cattle will leave any other chewing to eat grass or hay grown on land that has been lately boned. They don't recognize phosphate of lime by name, but they know the taste of it in the grass.

THERE is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens that are fed on clear, sound grain and kept on a clean grass run give much finer flavored eggs than hens that have access to stable and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens that are fed on fish and onions flavor their eggs accordingly, the same as cows eating onions or cabbage, or drinking offensive water, imparts a bad taste to the milk and butter. The richer the food consumed by the hens, the higher will be the color of the eggs. Wheat and corn give eggs the best color, while feeding them on buckwheat has a tendency to make them colorless, rendering them unfit for some confectionery purposes.

WHEN TO PRUNE.—There is no time for directing the growth of plants, grapevines, fruit trees, etc., so good as when that growth is most rapid. Growth may then be checked, and the sap and vigor of the plant turned in any desired direction of development, provided it be done with reasonable care. When large timber is to be removed, it is best to wait until the most vigorous growth is past, and this is usually about midsummer. The scar will not bleed at this time, and the wood exposed will become close and hard, impervious to water, and will often remain sound longer than the rest should anything cause the tree to decay. Large limbs removed in spring, when the sap is quite liquid, leave scars which often "bleed," the sap running down and "scalding" the bark below. The wood becomes porous, absorbs water and decays, making holes in the trunk.

CURING SELF-MILKERS.—Of mechanical means there is, simplest of all, the tying of a hard wood stick, sharpened at each end, across the horns. An inveterate self-milker will soon learn that the ends of the stick are pointed, and will display great perseverance and ingenuity in turning her head down so that she can get at her milk without hurting herself. An effective way is to put a circingle around her body, and attach straps thence to each of the horns. Another simple plan is found to be effective: Take two old ox-bows and fit each in a piece of hard wood, say two by three inch stuff, fourteen inches long, tying these single yoke pieces on her neck, to stand about a foot apart. Then connect the hard wood pieces by oak pieces like ladder rungs, and screw upon the bows, on each side, a slender pin of hickory, pointed at the end, extending back to rest upon her sides. The hard wood pieces should be cut out, so as not to hurt the neck.

STORING HAY IN TIGHT BARNS.—The class which, above all others, has made grass and hay an especial study, is dairymen. They have ascertained by experiments, directed by science, that hay will keep better in clapboarded or battened barns than in open barns or stacks. That the heating will be so moderate as to only dry out the hay without moulding. It used to be the custom years ago to side up barns with green boards, so that they would shrink in seasoning, leaving wide cracks to admit the air for drying out the hay. An important principle was here overlooked. Fermentation, like combustion, is caused by the union of oxygen and carbon, and can no more proceed if air is excluded, than fire can burn under like condition. If it is a fact that hay can be safely put into a large mow, in a tight barn, less cured than is necessary if stacked or stored upon scaffolds, or in open barns, it is a very important fact to farmers, as it will enable them to gather their hay crop with much less exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather, for even where hay is in cock, the exterior surface is injured by contact with dew or rain.

THE PROCESS OF GRAFTING AND BUDDING.—Numerous correspondents have requested information on this subject, and we have thought a simple description of the processes might aid beginners in learning the art. Grafting is performed by sawing off the stock to be grafted, splitting it down about an inch, and holding it open with a wedge on one side; the scion containing two buds is sharpened into a thin wedge and inserted, so that the cambium, or inner bark of the graft, will just meet and lie along that of the stock. Sometimes, to insure this meeting at some one point, the graft is slightly turned from the true line. When finished, cover all with grafting wax. This should be done in the spring, before the sap starts. Budding is performed by splitting the bark of the stock, about an inch in length, making a cross cut at the top to enable you to carefully raise the bark, to place the bud. Cut off the top square, leaving the bottom tapering; insert this so the square end of the bud will just fit the square cut in the stock; press the bark up to the bud, and tie carefully with bast or soft yarn, leaving the bud free. This must be performed about the time the fruit tree to be budded has formed its terminal bud.

HOW TO GROW MUSHROOMS.—Mushrooms may be cultivated simply by taking manure from the stable in small heaps, as little broken as possible, and laying them about three inches thick on a hot-bed made of alternate layers of tanner's bark and horse-dung, the uppermost layer consisting of tanner's bark about two inches thick. Cover the bed then with a little manure and about three inches of good soil, and over all a thick coat of straw. The manure containing the germs may be known by the appearance of white threads running through the little heaps, and these lumps on breaking will give forth a mushroom smell. The shed behind a hot-house, or stable, or cow-house, is a good place for a mushroom-bed, as no light is required, but only warmth and moisture. Calcareous earth of any kind will greatly help the production of mushrooms. In Paris there are extensive underground mushroom gardens, several proprietors of some of the French mushroom farms having many miles of mushroom beds, cultivated entirely by lamp light. In all moist climates they ought to be produced in great abundance and variety. Being rich in nitrogen and phosphorus, and constituting, as old Erasmus Darwin said, "an isthmus between the two great continents of nature, the vegetable and animal kingdoms," they supply a wholesome, delicious and nutritive food, and would amply repay the trouble of cultivating.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875--'76!

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of so gratifying a character as to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers, that cannot be excelled. Never before has there been such a

BRILLIANT ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS,

among whom we may now mention the following distinguished authors, all of whom will appear in our columns:

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MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
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DE SOTO;
Or, the Discovery of the Mississippi.

This magnificent picture, copied by SPECIAL permission of the Government from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, has been made solely and expressly for subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. No one can possibly get it except they subscribe to this paper. The scene laid on the banks of this most wonderful of rivers at or near its junction with the Yazoo, a few miles above the site of the city of Vicksburg, is one full of interest and excitement. De Soto, the most prominent figure of the group, mounted on a fine white charger, handsomely caparisoned, is a noble-looking man of about fifty years of age, and is receiving the homage of the native Indians whom the Spaniards had conquered after a fierce, hard fight. They are offering De Soto and his followers presents of game, tobacco, rich tropical fruits, beautiful birds, and everything they can imagine the Spaniards would enjoy. De Soto is surrounded by his officers and aids, and in the distance is seen the wide, beautiful river. The picture is full of deep, rich color; in it we can see the tropical fruits and flowers, the birds of bright plumage, the rich dress of the Spaniards, and the brilliant ornaments of the natives. This is the largest Chromo ever given with a paper, being 19 by 25 inches.

"De Soto," says Mr. Irving, "was the first European who looked out upon the turbid waters of this magnificent river, and that event has more surely enrolled his name among those who will ever live in American history than if he had discovered mines of silver and gold."

This is a picture that WE are proud of, and one that our agents will find immensely popular. It is especially appropriate this—our great **Centennial**—year, as it is intended to commemorate one of the most important events in the history of the American continent. A publisher of New York writes us as follows: "I have seen all the chromo premiums for this year in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and unhesitatingly pronounce 'De Soto' the finest of the entire collection."

This magnificent work of art we now propose to give away to our subscribers. We have had them mounted on canvas and stretchers, sized, roughed and varnished, for which we make a charge of only 50 cents. But if subscribers insist on having them in the sheet, we can and will furnish them so, but it will cost 20 cents for postage, and then they are shipped at their risk. We would strongly advise all of our subscribers to get them mounted, as it is really a great saving of money and not so much danger of damage.

Judging by what our Agents are *now* doing, we feel fully justified in claiming that with our beautiful and attractive chromo, and really valuable *Acme paper*, the price of which *is within the reach of all*, A GOOD AGENT CAN TAKE MORE SUBSCRIPTIONS AND MAKE MORE MONEY THAN UPON ANY OTHER PAPER (OR BOOK) IN THE COUNTRY.

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MINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan is 12,500 feet. At the depth of from 60 to 200 feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite and ore, together with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid, frozen mass. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range; it has the form of a horse-shoe, with a bold escarpment of feldspathic rock nearly 3,000 feet high; which in some places is nearly perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurred until a distance of some 80 or 90 feet had been made; then the frozen territory was reached, and it has continued for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw, summer or winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the lode itself is as hard and massive as the rock. The miners, being unable to excavate the frozen material with a pick or drill, found that the only way was to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the mode of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over 200 feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could have reached such a depth from the surface. There are other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state. The theory is that the rock was laid down in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In that case the mine is an ice-house whose stores have remained unthawed for at least 80,000 years! The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Brandon frozen well and the Stevens mine, show no way for air currents, are still referred to imbedded icebergs and the glacial period.

MODESTY.—Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide. In the young man it is the index of an ingenuous heart; in the young lady it is the golden key whereby the truly discerning may unlock the casket which conceals from common observers the inimitable graces and the wealthy treasures of her mind.

YESTERDAY we called on the Mayor, and were politely shown into his parlor; the carpet was beautiful, furniture elegant and walls frescoed in picturesque designs. One thing only marred the general appearance of a parlor seldom surpassed for real comfort. It was a zig-zag rusty-looking blur on the ceiling, over the left window, caused by dampness penetrating the brick wall, or a leak in the roof. Neither of these ever occur where Gilnes' State *Roofing* Paint is used. The article is a perfect repellent of water, or even dampness, and is largely in use. We are sorry the Mayor did not sooner know that the offices of N. Y. State Roofing Co. were 49 So. Front St., this City, as well as in Boston, New York and Newark. The fact that this paint is not only reliable and effectual, but *cheap*, is a sufficient hint for our readers to address them *at once* for their **100** page Book, which is sent *free* to any address.

Malaria-Breeding Floods.

The recent tremendous freshets which have flooded some of the most fertile low lands of the United States, have not only caused wide spread ruin and disaster, but have, as might have been expected, been followed by an unprecedented outcrop of fever and ague, bilious remittents, and other diseases of a malarial type. The sun's rays, acting upon the saturated vegetation and isolated pools left by the retiring waters, have exhaled a far-reaching miasma, which is pregnant with disease. The most reliable safeguard against it is found to be Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the present demand for which, more particularly in the West and Southwest, where the floods have been most severe, exceeds anything which has existed in the past, popular as the great national remedy and preventive of malaria has always been. Never has it been put to such a crucial test, or its claims more conspicuously indicated.

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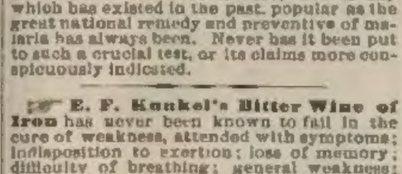

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It is a great labor-saver—it has saved us time enough in one year's use to pay for itself; and that must be deemed good property which will clear itself once a year. If you have any doubt about the precise meaning of the word *clear*, in the last sentence, look at Webster's nine definitions of the v. t."—*Mass. Life Boat.*

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THE BOUDOIR.

The usual interest in the "openings" of our fashionable millinery and dress-making establishments, seems quite as marked this season as at any previous one, despite the universal wail over "hard times." We have seen among the new "goods" very few changes from last year's fashions; at least, very few sufficiently marked to be distinguished as "new ideas;" but there are many novelties and fresh designs. The prevailing style, so long prevalent of clinging skirts, and a reduction of the bouffant drapery, once so popular, is to be continued through the winter. A very sensible idea, and one we cordially support.

There is a movement on foot to bring back the discarded polonaise, but in a novel form. The new styles of this garment are shown buttoned behind. The back has princesse gores, and Marguerite drapery, and is, as we said, buttoned down the middle. To wear such a *prononcee* garment becomingly, one must have a fine, graceful figure. Embroidery will be much used upon these garments—silk embroidery, not so close or heavy as formerly was the custom. A large spray adorns the centre of the front; a trailing vine is contained around the bottom, while two smaller sprays are on each of the back widths. Smaller clusters ornamented the waist and deep cuffs of the sleeves. We saw a model of this garment in very dark bottle green Russian cloth, embroidered in a lighter shade, edged with a deep fringe, which had a netted heading—on the left side was a very deep gathered pocket, having long loops of ribbon. A deep Byron collar of silk to match the color of the polonaise finished the neck. Overskirts are very deep, and are cut square at the bottom, without much fullness in the side breadths. The prevailing style for suits seems to be with the basque cut in the Louis XV style—the vest is made either entirely apart from the jacket, or else basted in.

In colors, dark blue, bordering upon a plum color, and very dark green, will be the favorites for the winter. People begin to weary of brown, so much has been seen of it this summer. To fresh, clear complexions the dark green will be becoming, but to sallow, dark faces, and persons past the *premiere jeunesse*, we advise a careful avoidance of the same.

A suit of plum blue basket cloth, combined with silk, was made in this wise: The underskirt of silk had a deep flounce, edged with a narrow shirring, and headed by two moderately deep puffs. The overskirt of the basket cloth was deep and square, a row of buttons, with simulated button holes, made in silk, trimmed the left side; a deep pocket of silk, three-cornered in shape, and gathered at the top by an elastic band, was placed far back on the right side. The back was filled in by loops of silk, ending in two wide sash ends, which were trimmed with deep fringe. A similar fringe edged the overskirt. The basque of basket cloth was sleeveless and in the Louis XV shape, with a deep vest of silk, buttoned with smoked pearl buttons from the throat to the edge. The fronts of the basque fell loose, plainly disclosing the vest. Silk sleeves, trimmed with a deep cuff of basket cloth, and a wide Byron collar of silk finished this costume. Worn with a dark brown chip, trimmed with a long scarf of brown grenadine, and a shaded wing of deep blue, it presented a very stylish appearance on the promenade.

Among the sacques we noticed one of black matelasse silk, cut double-breasted and half loose fitting; it was lined with fur, a soft brown variety—mink or marten—and was edged with a narrow band of fine black lynx fur. It had deep hanging sleeves, pointed at the outer seam, also fur lined, and edged. Such a wrap would be especially desirable for the theatre or opera.

The English walking jacket is not discarded, nor have the jaunty, tight fitting velvet jackets disappeared; the latter are worn quite short and close fitting, and are pointed back and front, and are heavily embroidered. Cloth suits in deep blue, dark green, brown and black are shown. The lower skirts are trimmed with rows of braid of different widths. The long, narrow overskirt has buttons down the left side. The basque is loose, with long fronts and a short English back; deep, square pockets adorn the side skirts of it.

A very striking, and at the same time appropriate costume for the promenade, is of slate colored silk, very dark, and striped Algerine cloth. The latter has a ground work of dark slate color and stripes of golden brown, with here and there a thread or two of scarlet. The lower skirt of silk has a moderately deep flounce gathered on and headed by a puff and two bias folds. The overskirt of the Algerine is cut deep and square, and is edged with a four inch bias fold of the silk, headed by a small pleated ruffle. A wide sash, similarly trimmed, loops the drapery of the back, and is tied in a loose knot, hanging in two graceful ends. The sleeveless cuirass of the Algerine is trimmed with a bias fold and ruffle similar to that upon the overskirt. The plain silk coat sleeve has a deep flowing cuff, simply corded, and trimmed with four buttons on the outer seam. Byron collar.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A novelty in feather trimming is Marabout feathers, light and frail.

Broad, loosely woven braids, with here and there a gold thread interspersed, are shown.

Silk handkerchief for the neck are now trimmed with the richest Boniton and point lace.

The favorite lace for trimming will be Valenciennes; even rich bridal silks are trimmed with it.

Many different varieties of fichus are shown for dinner and evening wear; some of lace, many of white sheer muslin, edged with lace.

Necklaces of finely cut crystal beads, with a crystal locket pendant, are fashionable.

Dainty matelasse boots "topped" with fur, and laced up on the side, are among the French fancies.

A charming opera wrap was of cream-colored faille, dolman shape, and trimmed with a row of cream-colored feathers.

Ties of velvet ribbon alternated with black and ecru guipure lace, are considered very stylish.

Very long and ample trains, for dinner and ceremonious occasions, is fashion's unalterable decree for this winter.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss JENNIE N. (State Mills, Itappahanock Co.)—Received yours of 10th inst., and replied by mail, explaining.

OUR CENTENNIAL.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

The liberal appropriations of the city of Philadelphia have provided the Horticultural Department of the Exhibition with an extremely ornate and commodious building, which is to remain in permanence as an ornament of Fairmount Park. It is located on the Lansdowne Terrace, a short distance north of the Main Building and Art Gallery, and has a commanding view of the Schuylkill river and the northwestern portion of the city. The design is in the Mauresque style of architecture of the twelfth century, the principal materials externally being iron and glass. The length of the building is 383 feet; width 193 feet, and height to the top of the lantern 72 feet.

The main floor is occupied by the central conservatory, 230 by 80 feet, and 55 feet high, surmounted by a lantern 170 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 14 feet high. Running entirely around this conservatory, at a height of 20 feet from the floor, is a gallery 5 feet wide. On the north and south sides of this principal room are four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, each of them 100 by 30 feet, covered with curved roofs of iron and glass. Dividing the two forcing houses in each of these sides is a vestibule 30 feet square. At the centre of the east and west ends are similar vestibules, on either side of which are the restaurants, reception rooms, offices, etc.

From the vestibules ornamental stairways lead to the internal galleries of the conservatory, as well as to the four external galleries, each 100 feet long and 10 feet wide, which surmount the roofs of the forcing houses. These external galleries are connected with a grand promenade, formed by the roofs of the rooms on the ground floor, which has a superficial area of 1,800 square yards.

The east and west entrances are approached by flights of blue marble steps from terraces 80 by 20 feet, in the centre of which stands an open kiosque 20 feet in diameter. The angles of the main conservatory are adorned with eight ornamental fountains. The corridors which connect the conservatory with the surrounding rooms open fine vistas in every direction.

In the basement, which is of fire-proof construction, are the kitchen, store-rooms, coal-houses, ash-pits, heating arrangements, etc. Near this principal building will be a number of structures, such as Victoria Regia house, Domestic and Tropical Orchard houses, a Grapery, and similar horticultural buildings. The surrounding grounds will be arranged for out-door planting, and it is expected that an imposing and instructive display will be made. It is proposed to plant, among other things, representative trees of all parts of the continent, so that, side by side, the visitor may see the full variety of the forest products and fruits of the country, from the firs of the north to the oranges and bananas of Florida, and the wondrous grapes and other fruits of California. In this great work it is important that the most perfect success should be achieved, so that vastness of territory, variety of product, and perfection of species, which constitute the marvel and the might of America, may be displayed in such a way as to be realized at a glance. This building is to cost $251,937. There is no doubt but that this building will be completed by the time agreed upon.

FAITH R. — Your sample of goods sent is Algerine cloth, and will be very pretty worn either as a polonaise or as basque and overskirt with your brown silk skirt.

ANNIE I. — Make your black and checked silk with lower skirt of black and sleeves of the same. Overskirt a deep square apron of the checked material, edged with a knife pleating of black silk, and fringe, if you like. Sleeveless cuirass basque of the checked, or a Louis Quinze basque with open fronts, disclosing a black silk vest. Deep Byron collar. Make your brown serge with two deep gathered flounces on the lower skirt—or one deep flounce and two puffs. For variety you might make the overdress a polonaise in the new style, which buttons down the back, and of which we gave so full an account in the Boudoir of present number, that we need not here recapitulate. Your black hat can be again worn, since it has the wide rim and revers front, which is still fashionable. Very happy to answer your questions. NINON.

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

CAUGHT BY MUTINEERS.

The Quartermaster's Story.

BY LIEUT R. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

The anchor watch on board the United States revenue cutter Dolphin had been set, the gleam from the large lantern, triced up in the forerigging, threw out a bright light that gleamed athwart the snow-white deck, and threw a dancing, shimmer over the dark icy waters of the cove where the Dolphin rode quietly and securely to her anchor. The quartermaster had been relieved, and tousing an old quid over the rail, he directed a last glance at the anchor watch light, satisfied himself that it was burning brightly, then without further hesitation descended the ladder leading to the berthdeck.

"Come, Cate, spring your luff, and fetch yer self to anchor here. Overhaul yer jawtackles and heave ahead with yer yarn."

"I am ready, boatswain, so here goes. It was just after the close of the war, that I took a run down to Havana in a lumber loaded schooner from Calais. I soon found that men were scarce, and the shipping-masters were giving big wages for whatever they could pick up. I was not long makin' up my mind, and shipped as second mate aboard of a clipper schooner bound to the west coast of Africa on a tradin' trip. The captain and mate were Spaniards, and in some way related, but were no more seamen than the berthdeck boy there.

Well, the crew came aboard on the evening before we were to sail, all of them ragged, dirty, black-looking Spaniards, the rakings and scum of the chain gangs and prisons. Every one of them looked as though they were professional cut-throats.

The captain and mate contented themselves with navigating the Santa Rosa, and I soon found that I was looked upon as sort of an outsider. The captain was fresh from a counting-room, had no confidence in himself, and was always spinnin' yarns with the man at the wheel, askin' his advice about makin' or takin' in sail. The mate was tarred with the same brush.

I had picked up a smatterin' of their lingo, and soon found out the crew hated the very planks I trod. One of them, Antone by name, gave me some slack one day when I ordered him aloft on some duty. It was useless to report him to the captain, and as for the mate, old Andrew here with his dust-pan and brush was a king to him. My blood was up, and as second mate of the Santa Rosa, I was either goin' to be obeyed or raise a breeze at once. It was blowin' stiff at the time, the schooner had all the sail she wanted to lug, and the spray was a-flyin' in showers over the weather cathead.

The crew were standin' to leeward, crowdin' around Antone, who was looked upon as their best man. With one bound I jumped in amongst them, caught the astonished Spaniard by the throat, and run him aft before he could do anything in his own defence. With an oath he struggled to free himself, but my hold was a good one, and drawing his knife the Spaniard made a pass at me; but I had been expecting it, and he did not take me unawares. With a blow from a belayingpin I stretched him out on deck, and turned just in time to face the whole crew, who were rushing aft in a body, everyone of them with his favorite weapon ready to jab into me. How the squall would have ended is hard to say, but at that moment an enormous roller struck us full and by, sweeping the decks fore and aft, breaking in the bulwarks, and makin' all hands look to their own safety or be swept overboard.

The man at the wheel, you see, had left his post to take a hand with his shipmates, and quick as a flash the schooner had broached to, and as we afterwards found out, after the excitement was over, the captain had been washed over the rail and lost the number of his mess.

The mate to quiet the crew ordered me to go below, and leavin' them to take care of Antone who was flounderin' and kickin' in the lee scuppers, I obeyed.

By the time I had shifted my clothes and got on a dry rig there had been a big change in the weather. The wind was haulin' aft all the time, blowin' great guns, and the schooner under a close-reefed foresail was a scuddin' before the gale with the speed of a runaway horse.

I knew that the Santa Rosa ought to have been hove to, and I was afeared she would either run under or be swamped; but the mate had taken the advice of the helmsman, and the schooner was allowed to dash on either through or over the seas with a speed equal to old Hudgkin's horse. It was about this time that the captain's absence was discovered, but it was too late to lend a hand to the poor fellow, and he was left many a mile astern, to find his way to Davy Jones' locker as best he could.

By this time it was impossible to stand forward of the foremast, and the crew were huddled aft trying to keep as dry as possible. They were all offering advice to the mate, crowdin' around him, and a-walkin' up and down on the quarterdeck as if they belonged there. Every minute the sea got bigger, and the wind bowled louder and louder, driving us along half buried in foam. The men had given their opinion to the mate that as soon as the moon rose the wind would fall, but when it did appear, shining dim and tryin' to pierce through the low drifting scud, the gale increased. Each wave swept upon us, but the light craft rose on the next swell, driving through it with a fearful force. I could not stop another minute below, firmly believing we were driving straight on to destruction, and I wanted to take my chances for life on deck.

No one offered to molest me as I scrambled on to the quarterdeck, where the mate was standing half up to his waist in water. The scene astern was enough to make your hair stand on end, the big seas a-rollin' one after the other high above our heads, and thunderin' down in huge masses of foam that flew in blindin' showers over the schooner.

I saw at a glance that it was too late to heave to, but somethin' had yet to be done or we would not long be afloat. The mate was white as a sheet, and his teeth chattered so that he could not speak a word, the crew were not much better off, and in silence gazed from the frightful scene into each other's eyes.

Ranging up alongside the mate, I told him to turn a reef out of the foresail and drive the schooner faster if he wanted to escape the seas thunderin' in our rear; but the cowardly lubber could only whine and cry, and I turned away in disgust. Calling on half a dozen of the crew to follow me I dashed forward, cut the reef-points slowly, and soon had the sail set fair, the men no longer disobeyin' my orders or holdin' back. It was just as I expected, the increase in the canvas sent us a skimmin' over the waves dry as a bone, and the rollers no longer combed over our quarter. We scudded steadily throughout the remainder of the gale, and I guess all hands felt considerable better for what I had done.

The remainder of the passage I had no further trouble with the crew, but I kept constantly on the watch, for I knew the treacherous nature of a Spaniard, and not a man of them would have hesitated to put me out of the way if a good chance had turned up. I could see that the old feeling was a smoulderin', and sooner or later it would burst forth, the Spanish criminals never resting satisfied until they had wiped out the disgrace their leader had met with from my hands. As we neared the coast of Africa the precious set kept more to themselves, and their heads, most of the time, were bunched together whispering and gabbling in low tones. It boded us no good, and I stated my suspicions to the mate, but he only laughed, and that nettled me.

Well, we crossed the bar of the Rio Pongo, and taking a native pilot drifted up the river. But night came on before we could reach the town, and the mate, who had been acting as captain, jumped into the pilot's canoe and was rapidly paddled towards the town.

He had directed me to come to anchor, and it was not long before I had the Santa Rosa snug. I was now left alone, with no one to dispute my authority, so I proceeded to overhaul the arm-chest, which was lashed abaft the cabin skylight.

Lifting the cover, I felt inside, but was taken all aback to find it empty. Now I can tell you, shipmates, the situation looked squally. I would have given all I had in the world to have got out of the schooner, but the Spaniards had me foul on every tack. I glanced over the side, and in the dark shades of the water I saw the big body of an alligator floating slowly along. I gave up the idea of swimming, and looked anxiously at the not distant shores of the river, my heart beatin' like a row of reef-points in a calm.

Not a sound disturbed the deceitful calm, that rested on the river, and along the dark, indistinct banks which I could make out looming up through the gloom, and with a heavy heart I went below, expecting every moment to hear the Spaniards coming aft.

The doors to the forrard portion of the cabin I closed and locked, blocking up the gangway with a portion of the furniture, and then lighting a lamp I searched around for some kind of a weapon, but there was not such a thing as a pistol abaft the mainmast. The Spanish jailbirds had them all.

The cook's carving-knife was all I could find in the shape of a weapon, and I stowed it away in the bosom of my shirt with a sort of desperate feelin' that rose up in my throat. Every noise made me start and tremble, and I sheered clear of every dark corner that there was in the cabin. I can tell you, shipmates, when a man feels that his life hangs by a ropeyarn, and knowin' as I did, that within five fathoms of me there were fifteen hardened rascals waitin' for a slant to slip my moorins, it's no wonder my nerves trembled. I can imagine, boatswain, how you felt when you were caught foul in the burning coal mine.

I was just on the point of blocking up the after companionway, when a loud hail from the deck brought me to a stand still, and takin' a step forward I listened, scarcely allowin' myself to breathe. I could not make out the answer, but a cry of "The captain is coming," which I recognized as the voice of Antone, made me brighten up a bit. I did not count on the mate as much of a reinforcement, for I knew he would skulk like a whipped cur if we came to close quarters, but company was somethin', anything to break the horrible stillness that hung about me like a nightmare.

Springing up the companionway, I pushed open the doors leading into the after cabin, with the intention of meeting the mate on deck; but before I could distinguish objects in the gloom, I felt a dull, crushing sensation about my head, and remembered nothing more.

When I came to, I found myself in the cabin of the Santa Rosa lashed to a chair. The whole gang of cutthroats were seated about the table eatin' and drinkin', and from the uneasy motion of the vessel I knew she must be under way.

They had broached the captain's stock of grog, which was rapidly disappearing down their big throats, and with every gulp, their black eyes glittered with a fiercer light. Antone, my old enemy, sat right abreast of me, and was the first to perceive I had opened my eyes. He taunted me, and made his brags that to him I owed the blow that had laid me out insensible.

"Wait till we get through supper," he hissed, "and we'll riddle your Yankee carcass with our knives."

The liquor was rapidly mounting to their brains, the entire gang was becoming quarrelsome as they drank deeper and deeper, and I noticed Antone playing with the handle of his knife as if impatient of delay.

One of the half drunken gang had been overhaulin' the captain's stateroom, and with a hoarse shout came staggerin' out with a small bag of doubloons in his hand. I saw Antone's snake-like eyes glisten with a strange expression as he heard the chink of gold, and for the time I was forgotten as they crowded around the table eager to get their share of the gold, which Antone, as leader, proceeded to count out.

A howl of rage burst from one of the half crazy scoundrels as he demanded in a thick, husky voice, why he, Antone, had kept twice as many of the doubloons as the rest had received.

"So, Beppo, my brave lad, after cheating the garotte of your precious neck, you are not satisfied with what I have seen fit to give you, eh?" and the tall form of the Spaniard towered above his shipmate's, swaying to and fro as he strove to steady himself by the table.

"No," growled the savage Beppo, "we are all to share equal."

"Then take that, and learn that I am master here," and with the words came a report of a pistol, and Beppo, with a hoarse groan, fell heavily on the floor.

The glarin' eyes of the leader were now turned on me, and I felt that my hour had come. His pent up passions, that had been kept beneath hatches so long under the stingin' lash of the chain-gang driver, had broken out with fresh fury now that he had tasted blood. The fiery rum which he had swallowed had made him top-heavy, and was working on him every minute. He was feelin' in his belt for another pistol, but failed to put his hand on one. Drawing a knife he seized it by the blade, and steadying himself with one hand, let drive the dirk at me with the other. There was no time to dodge it—perhaps it was lucky I didn't try, for with a dull thud it struck just above my head, and was buried deep into the thick bulkhead.

The murder of Beppo, and the compliments of the convict for myself had all taken place in an instant, and the friends of the one who had lost the number of his mess sprang forward to avenge his death.

There I was lashed to a chair in the midst of them, and how I ever run clear is more than I can understand. The whizz of bullets made me tug all the harder at the lashings, but they only cut the deeper into my flesh. A slash from a dirk smashed the cabin lamp, and in an instant we were enveloped in darkness, but the drunken wretches stabbed away at each other, and two of them runnin' foul of me capsized me under the table.

Their spree was brought up at last with a round turn. The doors of the cabin were thrown open with a crash, a number of man-o'-war's men rushed in, and their sharp cutlasses soon made the Spaniards knock under. I was cut adrift, and, spinnin' my yarn to the officer, was told to stand one side, while the survivors of the prison gang were put in irons and carried aboard the man-o'-war. Among them was Antone, bleeding from a dozen wounds. The cruiser, an Englishman, had heard the report of fire-arms and the hullabaloo, and had sent an armed boat's crew to see what was going on. The schooner was taken back to her anchorage, where the mate was glad enough to see her again, a new crew was shipped, and the Santa Rosa completed her tradin' trip.

"I never liked a Dago," said the boatswain. "It's a wonder to me this country allows them Dons to carry such stiff sail. Take Cuba now. If I had my way, I'd call hands and parbuckle the whole island under the lee of the stars and stripes. But there comes old Andrew, his face blacker than his every day cap. Your turn to-morrow night, gunner, so stand by to 'cast loose and provide.'"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

BIOMIXA VAGANS is the name proposed by Dr. Leidy for the simplest form of an animal life known. It is simply a minute jelly-like mass, without nuclei or any other organs than contractile vesicles. It has the power of spreading itself in all directions, flowing into filaments, which extend and occasionally unite.

HUNDREDS of operatives are employed in the French capital in the interesting occupation of lining false pearls with fish-scales and wax. The scales of the roach and dace are chiefly used for this purpose. They are stripped from the fish while living, a cruel process, which is defended on the ground that in no other way can the glistening hue so much admired in the real pearl be imitated. Parisian pearls have, of late years, been made so perfect that the Roman pearl has, to a great extent, been superseded. The setting is always of real gold, and the fashion of the newest kind.

THE MOST POWERFUL WAR VESSEL IN THE WORLD.—The British iron-clad Inflexible is now about one-fourth completed, work having been begun upon her in February, 1864. She will have engines for steering, for loading guns, for hoisting shot and shell, for ventilation, for moving turrets, for lowering boats, and for turning the capstan as well as for propulsion. The vessel is little more than a floating castle, rectangular above the water, 100 feet long by 75 feet in width, and protected by 24 inches total thickness of iron. The two turrets which are placed within the citadel are formed of iron of a single thickness of 18 inches, and within each of them are two 80 ton guns, which can be trained to any point of the compass. The main engines work up to 8000 indicated horse-power, and the bunkers carry 1,200 tons of coal. The total cost of the vessel is placed at $2,005,000.

BOTTLED LIGHT.—Countless accidents, as every one knows, arise from the use of matches. To obtain light without employing them, and so without the danger of setting things on fire, an ingenious contrivance is now used by the watchman of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are kept. Any one may easily make trial of it. Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, and put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, upon the phosphorus; fill the vial about one-third full and then cork it tightly. To use this novel light, remove the cork, allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The empty space in the vial will become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. When the light grows dim, its power can be increased by taking out the cork and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter the vial. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands in order to increase the fluidity of the oil. The apparatus, thus prepared, may be used for six months.

A WORK on the centenary of vaccination will soon be published by Dr. Burggraeve of Ghent. It will be under the patronage of the King of the Belgians, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Sweden, Holland and Italy, and the Emperor of Brazil, and after all the price will be only about six dollars in gold to subscribers.

IF thy conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if it smite thee twice, it is a condemnation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—A Lost Treasure. A Sad Alternative. Squandered Life. What Education Should Be. Lilie's Jealousy. Over the Way.

LITERATEUR.—A copyright secures the exclusive right of publishing the book or article copyrighted for the term of twenty-eight years. At the end of that time, the author, or his widow or children, may secure a renewal for the further term of fourteen years, making forty-two years in all.

B. O. D. (Ohio.)—Will you please inform me of the name of a good work on draughting, and the price, etc.?" What kind of drawing do you mean? Architectural, Engineering, Mechanical, Perspective, Practical or Typographical? We can procure for you and send you a work on any of these subjects which you may desire for the sum of $2.50 each, including postage.

TAIT (Birkenhead.)—Since you have asked our advice so frankly, we must with equal candor tell you that we think you would be very imprudent to marry just at present in your circumstances. If the young lady be deserving of such a love as your's seems to be, she will agree to wait the two years which must be passed before the alliance can prudently take place.

O. H.—The ivory of the tooth—that part which lies under the enamel—is composed of an immense number of little pipes, which make that part of the tooth porous. This accounts for the rapid decay of the teeth when the enamel is gone. The acids of the saliva, heat and cold, penetrate these numerous cells, and cause a sudden destruction of the tooth. Filling the cavity with some solid metal is therefore the only cure.

A CONTRIBUTOR OF MANY YEARS.—You will find the names of "the Seven Churches of Asia" in the eleventh verse of the first chapter of Revelations, wherein St. John gives an account of the "great voice" which commanded him (among other things), "What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea."

PERPLEXED.—The fact of your friend having become a naturalized citizen of the United States would not protect him from being arrested and punished as a deserter from the British army should he return to England, as you say he thinks of doing, but is only deterred from fear of the probable consequences. Were such the case, any criminal might procure immunity from punishment by coming over here and remaining long enough to become naturalized and then returning to his own country.

ANGIE.—Of one thing you may be sure, and that is, that the young men who make the best sons and brothers, will also make the best husbands. If a young man, before he is married, is destitute of those affections and principles which come out in filial obedience, fraternal courtesy, and a controlling sense of duty, he will be equally destitute of them after he is married. The mere fact of wedlock will not change the fundamental principles of his nature. He will be essentially the same human being after marriage—or, at least, after the honeymoon—that he was before it.

CAROLINE H.—This fair correspondent wants us to tell her how lovers can manage so as never to quarrel; which, of course, we cannot do, as lovers are bound to have their little ways. What would love and courtship be worth, were they to be one everlasting dose of honey, without the least touch of alleviating and correcting acidity? Honey will itself turn sour and rancid at last, and then it is disgusting stuff. It may be that a couple of absolutely stupid lovers could and would go through a dull, prosy courtship, without a single agitation to keep it from stagnation and putrescence.

BEGINNER.—The blocks for wood engravers are made of box-wood. The surface for engraving is on the transverse section of the wood. The design is drawn on the wood, and the engraver proceeds to excavate between the lines of the designer, cutting away the wood for the lights, and, in the deepest shades, scarcely engraving the surface at all. Before the blocks can be drawn upon, they have to be prepared for the purpose as follows: The block must be planed as evenly and truly as possible; now take white lead, and temper it with water by grinding; spread it first thinly on the surface with a brush pencil, and afterward rub it well with a fine linen rag while yet wet, and when dry brush off any loose or powdered part.

MAUD S. (Harrisburg.)—We do not consider ourselves "smart," by any means, but we think that your friend, who does consider himself so, might have given you an answer to your question without any very great trouble. Rain is produced by the following process: The clouds consist of mist or vapor expanded by heat, which rises from the ground, or from a body of water, when the atmosphere is colder than the earth, and becomes condensed and visible. Clouds, in fact, are nothing but vapor condensed by the cold of the upper regions of the atmosphere. So long as the watery particles which compose vapor retain their heat, the attraction of cohesion has no influence upon them, and they continue to exist in the form of vapor, or mist; but when they lose their heat, then uniting in drops they fall to the earth, producing rain. If this is not intelligible to you, you had better study up the subject in any text book of Natural Philosophy, under the heads of Hydrostatics, Pneumatics and Pyronomics.

FANNY SMITH (Trinidad, Col.)—We could get you the pictures you want, portraits of different writers; if you will tell us the names of those you want, and the size, we can let you know what would be the amount you would have to remit us. 2. The best life of Charles Dickens that has been written is, we think, by Foster, in three volumes, and cost $2.00 a volume. 3. It is difficult to say which is the best of Scott's novels, as that would depend upon individual taste. 4. You can get a stand for holding any kind of a stereoscope, so as to obviate the necessity of holding it in the hand; these stands cost from $1.50 up to $3, according to what they are made of—oiled walnut, polished mahogany or rosewood. There is a new and extremely useful instrument lately introduced called the graphoscope, which combines the stereoscope with a large lens for viewing single photographs, and engravings of all sizes so constituted as to give a stereoscopic appearance to them; these stand on the table. Their price varies from $12 up to $60; a very good one, indeed, costs $25 to $30. 5. Writing pretty fair. Yes; we pay for sketches if we accept them; but we have so many on hand that they must be exceedingly good ones to tempt us.

SAILOR (Baltimore).—We think you must have made a mistake as to our saying anything about a training ship stationed in the Pacific Ocean, as we know nothing about it. There is a school ship for young lads in New York, and the following extract from the *N. Y. Tribune* will give you all the information that you want: A nautical school has been established by the New York Board of Education in the harbor. Under an act of Congress the Navy Department has extended to the Commissioners the use of the United States ship St. Mary's, and has detailed Commander Pythian, United States Navy, to act as superintendent of the school. The object of the school is to make sailors; it is, in fact, a primary school in nautical matters. After the boys have served a term of eighteen months or two years, or have been on a long voyage, they will be admitted to other schools, where their instruction in navigation will be continued, with such other branches added as may be found necessary and desirable—as, for example, the duties and obligations of masters, the rights of seamen, enough of marine insurance to keep them and their owners from trouble with insurance companies; in short, such branches as will qualify them for promotion through the various grades of mate up to master.

J. R. BARTON, (Philadelphia.)—"The other evening, in one of the churches of this city, it was given out from the pulpit that a young woman who was suffering from some painful disease which necessitated an operation, on applying to a physician had been told that it would cost her $200 to have it performed. This sum being utterly beyond her means to afford, some gentleman had offered to give her the money if she would guarantee to bring him one million of cancelled postage stamps, and the minister appealed to the benevolent of his congregation to render what assistance they could towards collecting such a quantity of stamps for this charitable object. With reference to this, the question has arisen at our house as to what would be the actual weight of one million of postage stamps, and their value as old paper. It has been agreed to apply to you for this information, and we hope it will be given in your next issue." In order to answer this question, we have weighed 200 new postage stamps, and find they weigh just half an ounce; 1000, therefore, would weigh 2½ ounces, and 1,000,000, 2,500 ounces, equal to 156¼ pounds in weight. The value of this quantity as old paper at say two cents per pound would be $3.12.

MISCELLANEOUS.—H. G. M.—We know of no cheap way of studying medicine. Medical colleges are open to all who are able to pay the cost of tuition. F. C.—We are unable to give the information. Consult a dealer in electrical apparatus. NELLIE B.—It is quite impossible for you to acquire a knowledge of the business without the assistance of some one familiar with all its requirements. D. A. F.—We know nothing whatever regarding the institution you refer to. W. H. D.—Oregon was admitted as a State February 14, 1859. VIRGINIAN.—New York is called the Empire City, and Brooklyn, the City of Churches. B. F. C.—A pair of tweezers is the best and only harmless way of getting rid of superfluous hair.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*